

# THE CONGREGATIONALIST AND CHRISTIAN WORLD

Volume LXXXVII

19 July 1902

Number 29



*Among the Black Diamond Diggers*

*William Futey Gibbons*

*Hopes and Fears in China* *Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D.D.*

*The Organ's Opportunities* *Rev. E. H. Byington*

*Along Salt Water Paths* *Rev. Isaac Ogden Rankin*

*The Club's Baby* *Jessie Wright Whitcomb*

*Our Second Children's Prize Story*

*Summer Work at Watering Places*

*Pencilings by a Peripatetic*

*Summertime in Washington* *Lillian Camp Whittlesey*

*A Full Table of Contents Will Be Found Inside*

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## Worship Among the Hills

BY C. A. WILCOMBE

Far away, over high mountains, in the heart of the Sierras amid bewildering scenes of grandeur and beauty travelers are not without a "gospel house." A neat, attractive little chapel erected by the California State Sunday School Association, but now state property nestles among the hills. Heretofore it has been opened only when some zealous Christian tourist has held an occasional Sunday service. The resident population, about thirty souls in all, have no particular interest in religious matters, although intelligent well educated people, and the tourist element is so fleeting it has been only occasionally that services of any kind have been held.

Shortly after I came here, three months ago, I started a Sunday school which has been maintained every Sunday. The second Sunday we advertised a song service after the Sunday school, which was well attended and interesting. Since then we have had our little chapel full each week, with from one to six ministers present and taking part.

Every meeting has been interesting and helpful, and hundreds of people have expressed their appreciation of the simple, hearty service. Without program or set order of service we spend a quarter of an hour in singing "gospel hymns." Then I call for a show of hands of ministers present. The short talks by L. L. D.'s, D. D.'s, ordinaries and laymen have been extremely edifying and uplifting.

If there is any place on earth where it ought to be easy to "see God" it is here. The rugged mountains tell of the power that formed the earth, the delicately beautiful Yosemite and Bridal Veil speak of the gentleness that suffers not a sparrow to fall without his notice. No one ought to go away from here without a deeper religious faith and a firmer impulse to noble living.

## Christian News from Everywhere

The strictly "Catholic" and ultra ritualistic "priests" of the Anglican church are in a militant mood, not hesitating to rebuke their "Protestant" and liberal spirited bishops if perchance the latter show any signs of tolerance, or any departure from "Catholicism." The Vicar of Helmsley has recently publicly reproved the Archbishop of York, because in a recent charge the latter spoke of "a supposed presence of Christ in the Sacrament"; and two of the archdeacons, members of the chapter of the cathedral at Ripon, have protested publicly against the dean of Ripon's rearrangement of the service for use on Coronation Day, and against his inviting a Nonconformist clergyman to read the lessons, the latter offense being deemed especially heinous.

The Ex-abbe Corneloup, director of the Society for the Help of Roman Catholic Priests in France, states that in the course of the society's six years' work no less than 600 priests have left Roman Catholicism, in addition to which the society has founded thirty-six new Protestant churches.

German influence at Constantinople has been strong enough to secure the loan from the sultan for study and translation by scholars at Berlin of MSS. relating to early Christian times, which long have been stored in the treasure dome of the Jami el Kebir mosque at Damascus. They include valuable fragments of Syrian translations of the Old and New Testaments.

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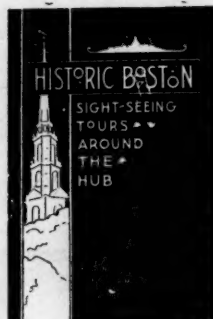
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Contents 19 July 1902

EDITORIAL:

- Event and Comment 81
- A Disappointing Convention 84
- The Friars in the Philippines 84
- The New British Premier 84
- Mr. Bryce On the Backward Races 85
- The Promise of Harvest 85
- Christ Our Yokefellow 85
- In Brief 86

CONTRIBUTIONS:

- Pencilings. Peripatetic 86
- Among the Black Diamond Diggers. William 87
- Futhey Gibbons 87
- The Organ's Opportunities. Rev. E. H. Byington 88
- Along Salt Water Paths. Rev. Isaac O. Rankin 89
- Summertime in Washington. Lillian Camp Whit- 89
- tiesey 89
- Hopes and Fears in China. Dr. Arthur H. Smith 90

HOME:

- The Country Faith—selected poem 93
- A Robin's Egg—selected poem 93
- Paragraphs 93
- The Boys' Rainy Day. Lucy Ward Beach 93
- Closet and Altar 91

FOR THE CHILDREN:

- The Club's Baby. Jessie Wright Whitcomb 94
- One of Thirteen. V. Frances J. Delano 95
- The President's Valuation of Homes—a selection 96
- The Conversation Corner. Mr. Martin 97

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL—Lesson for July 27

FOR ENDEAVOURERS—Topic for July 27-Aug. 2 107

THE CHURCH PRAYER MEETING—Topic for

July 20-26 107

Editorial Comment 85

LITERATURE

IN VARIOUS FIELDS:

- Worship Among the Hills 78
- Summer Work at Watling Places 91
- The "Fourth" at West Groton, N. Y. 102
- Bending the Ministerial Twig 105
- Summer Plans in Worcester 106
- Sunset Worship Under Open Skies 106
- In the Interest of Unity 106

LETTERS:

- In and Around Chicago 99
- In and Around New York 103

MISCELLANEOUS:

- Christian News from Everywhere 78
- The Symbolism of Genesis 88
- Parsees and Christian Philanthropy. Rev. J. E. 90
- Abbott 90
- Our Readers' Forum 92
- Dr. Horace Bushnell on the Old Testament 98
- Boston's Summer Philanthropy 102
- A Man Who Went About Doing Good 102
- Record of the Week 103
- Meetings and Events to Come 104
- Deaths 104
- Home Missionary Fund 106
- A Prize for Prayer Meeting Topics 107
- A Prayer Renaissance Needed 107

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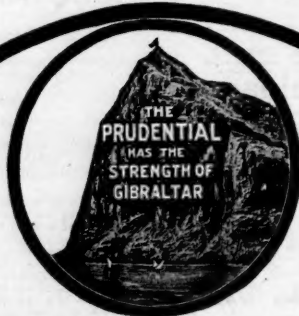
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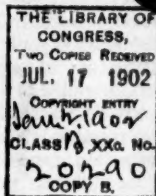
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# THE CONGREGATIONALIST

Saturday  
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Volume LXXXVII  
Number 29

## Event and Comment

### The Gospel at the Summer Resorts

Concerning one phase of the urgent question how to reach the people we have taken pains to gather definite facts, which are published on page 91 of this issue. This showing of what is being done through special agencies at summer resorts reflects credit principally upon the Episcopalians. The same zeal and strategy which they have displayed in the great cities and at educational centers has been applied to the problem, not only of caring for their own people wherever they may sojourn, but in instituting measures for securing a hold upon outsiders. We trust that this record of what has already been done may stimulate corresponding energy in our own body, and, indeed, in all the denominations. The field is an ample one, and calls for the best thought and most persistent action in order that wholesome church influences, at places where people congregate in the summer, may counteract the forces that make for the dissipation of spiritual life.

### Going Out into the Open

We note with satisfaction the increased interest taken in open-air services in various parts of the country. Our broadside on this subject, a fortnight ago, has, we hope, stimulated interest in the movement. The practical hints then given by Mr. Byington, who had had large experience in such work, are serviceable alike in city and country. Where it does not seem feasible to institute a special gathering, the regular second service of the day may well be transferred to the open air. On another page we print an account of the way this plan is carried out at Hamilton, N. Y., where it has become a standard feature of the summer church life. Two important ends are furthered by such action. Fresh life is infused into a meeting often looked upon as one of the most serious problems which a church faces, and, in almost every case, at least a few persons are attracted who would not naturally enter the doors of the church.

### A Pointer from England

In this connection we have been much interested in the last annual report of the Open Air Mission in London, which for almost fifty years has sent its representatives all over the realm to hold services in connection with races, fairs, steeple chases, regattas, fêtes and similar popular concourses. It is an incorporated body sustained by Christians of all denominations, and particularly indorsed by such well-known leaders as Sir George Williams, Lord Kinnaird, the Bishop of

Durham and Rev. F. B. Meyer. Last year its evangelist visited no less than 957 towns and villages in forty-four English and Welsh counties and in the Channel Islands. A careful estimate puts the number of persons in attendance at the gatherings at nearly 500,000, while over 800,000 gospel publications were distributed. The workers even ventured on the war ships. From many points where the meetings were held come strong testimony touching the results. Statements are published in this report from soldiers, merchants, quarrymen, dock laborers and other persons young and old, who have been reclaimed from lives of sin by the work of this mission. It spends nearly \$15,000 a year, and the judgment of those best acquainted with the results is well summed up in this testimony from Mr. Meyer: "As I contemplate the figures given in the report, of meetings addressed, of books and tracts circulated and of the encouraging instances of blessing which are constantly accruing, I feel that Christian people of all denominations may account it a duty and pleasure to assist by sympathy, prayer and especially of contributions to the funds."

### Two Kinds of Student Missions

There are many points of similarity between the two foreign missionary movements now taking their rise at Yale and Harvard. Both represent the manly and outreaching type of piety now in evidence at these institutions. Both will depend largely for success on the response of the men now in student ranks. Both will identify the university with foreign missionary work in an unprecedented way. On the other hand, the Harvard undertaking differs from the Yale in that the former has not as yet behind it an organized body of graduates and friends of Harvard such as the association of which Ex-president Dwight is president and Mr. Pierce N. Welch, president of the First National Bank of New Haven, is treasurer. The Harvard mission has been initiated by the students, who thus far have furnished the sinews of war, and it represents the remarkable strengthening of Christian forces which has taken place during the last two or three years since popular athletes like Frantz and Cutts and men of the type of Carter and Huggins have been leading the Christian activities. Moreover, in the field there will be a different disposal of the forces. Yale men go to one center in China, establishing there a strong basis of supply, and working thence outward. The Harvard plan is to send a pioneer in the person

of Mr. Carter, next November, to travel through the Bengal presidency. He will note at different points the opportunities for missionary work, whether it be of an educational, medical or commercial character, and other Harvard men, in the course of the next few years, will be assigned to these fields scattered all over India. It will be interesting to watch the working out of these two schemes. Each is commendable, and there is room on missionary soil for both experiments. The thing to rejoice over is that our strongest and oldest universities are thus allying themselves with the foreign missionary movement.

### The Code of Honor Among Youth

Certain recent revelations respecting the disposition of youth in preparatory schools to cheat in passing their college entrance examinations have focused public attention on the issue involved, and raised questions which are not pleasant to face or easy to answer. There are those who would have us believe that such fraud is natural to youth, always has been, and always will be; and that there is little use in trying to combat the notion which the average youth has that the pedagogue is an official to be circumvented by fair means or foul, and this without any loss of standing. Such a position we consider both vicious and absurd. If it can be proved that anywhere such a standard does not prevail, the generalization that it must prevail everywhere falls, and this looking at the matter simply from the factual and not from the ideal standpoint. Proof that there is an institution where honor rules is at hand. At the University of Virginia for many years student public opinion has rigorously executed judgment on all men suspected of cheating, sentence being passed after searching examination and formal trial. No plea of wealth or social station is allowed to weigh as against the offense of the student. If the University of Virginia's pupils can so look upon the university as a part of life in harmony with all other life posited on truth, and can consistently enforce that view, why cannot the pupils of Massachusetts institutions? Is the sense of honor less keen among New Englanders than among Southerners?

### Young People's Gatherings

The youth of the Methodist, Baptist and Universalist churches, enrolled in the respective unions of those denominations have been in session in Worcester, Providence and Portland, Me., during the

past week. It is apparent from the size of the crowds attending these gatherings, the enthusiasm shown for anything which pointed toward active Christian service, and the well conceived programs bringing on subjects which are naturally correlated, that the youth of some of our churches are religious, altruistic and thoughtful. Those who have attended the annual gathering of Unitarians at the Isle of Shoals, just held, comment on the specially hopeful and prophetic temper of the speeches of the young men who set forth the opportunities and tasks of their young people's union.

**Consolidating Benevolent Societies** The Methodist Episcopal Church is taking up this problem in more systematic and thorough fashion than any of the other denominations. Like the Congregationalists and Baptists it has put the matter into the hands of a committee of fifteen. But the Methodist committee has two advantages: its expenses being provided for, a good attendance is assured, and its report will be given to a body having power to carry out its recommendations. The committee held a four days' session at Ocean Grove, N. J., beginning July 2, every member being present. The work and condition of each society were reviewed, the effect of diminishing the number of collections was considered and practical methods of bringing the benevolent work of the denomination before the churches were considered. No final conclusions were reached, but many questions were raised and sub-committees were appointed to collate and investigate all the facts and compare the various propositions submitted. A report of results will be made at a future meeting of the committee, which is composed of bishops, pastors, editors and business men who are doing the work assigned to them with great care and thoroughness. The results will be enlightening to all the denominations considering this question.

**Church Property Exempt from Taxation** Sixteen per cent. of all real estate in New York city escapes taxation, being owned by the city, the state and the nation, or by charitable, educational and religious institutions. Under the head of religion, charity and education comes property thus assigned and valued:

	Churches	Religious, charitable, educational and hospitals
Manhattan.....	\$56,394,000	\$45,692,000
Bronx.....	1,785,000	4,692,000
Brooklyn.....	17,951,000	11,578,000
Queens.....	1,301,000	666,000
Richmond.....	765,000	581,000
Total.....	\$78,186,000	\$63,209,000

Every now and then voices are raised suggesting that the theory of complete separation of state and church, which obtains with us, makes it both unfair and unconstitutional for such exemption to exist, as is reflected in the above statistics. But thus far the dissenters are few and far between. Were any particular church to receive marked favors under the present system there might be greater strength to the opposition.

**Indictment of the Jesuits** It is the same old story, centuries old, and coming sooner or later from every land where the Jesuits have gone. A

cultured Roman Catholic Irish layman, university bred and an ex-member of Parliament, is out with a scathing indictment of the Jesuits in Ireland, to which order the Irish Catholic hierarchy has given over the education of the laity, with the usual result of enrichment of the order and poverty of equipment of the schools and inadequate training of the students. Thousands, yes, millions of pounds, Mr. F. Hugh O'Donnell, the author of the book, says, have gone toward the building of cathedrals in hamlets and episcopal and parochial villas in country seats, which were given by the laity for schools. The Irish layman is looked upon by the Jesuit clergy as "nothing except a payment-making animal." Mr. O'Donnell's book, entitled *The Ruin of Education in Ireland and the Irish Fanar*, has the indorsement of the Irish Royal University Graduates Association.

**A Fight at the Holy Sepulcher** A row in Jerusalem over the right to sweep the Church of the Holy Sepulcher ended in several deaths and many wounds before the Turkish troops could overpower the fighting monks. It has now been settled by the sentence of thirty-four intruding Greeks to short terms of imprisonment. If the whole matter seems childish, it must be remembered that for centuries the custody of the holy places has been a question of grave international importance. It gave a pretext for the Crimean War, and the local rows between Greek and Latin monks have been innumerable. The whole question, indeed, is like an ecclesiastical *sol-fatara*—the last venthole of the volcano of the crusades. In one matter of present day importance this episode has an international bearing of no slight interest. France has long claimed the guardianship of the Latin interests in the holy places of Palestine, as well as in the Roman Catholic missions of the near and farther East. But the wounded Latin monks were Germans and Italians, and were defended by their respective governments, which obtained an irade from the sultan recognizing their right to protect their subjects. So perishes in Turkey the claim of France to an exclusive protectorate over the Roman Catholic stations in the East, and with it an element of prestige and an instrument of intrigue which—for a country which persecutes the church at home—she has often used unscrupulously in the past.

**The National Educational Association** Never has this important body of teachers and educational administrators had a more successful gathering than the one just held in Minneapolis, and never has the press of the country so adequately reported the gathering. As a consequence much of the varied wisdom set forth by these experts has found its way to thousands unable to be present. The election of President Eliot of Harvard University as president for the coming year probably implies that next year's session will be held in Boston; it certainly shows that at last he has won from the profession which he heads a recognition deservedly due. Not a few of the heads of institutions of higher learning in the country have held

aloof from this Association, and never have shown any particular interest in the deliberations of those educators engaged in the lower (but none the less important) grades of educational service. President Eliot always has been attentive to the opinions and deeds of the profession as a whole. This meeting will be notable, if for no other reason, for the perfecting of an organization among teachers, intended to be national in scope, which will be practically what the trades union movement is among artisans. For self-protection, for securing old-age pensions, for fighting political favoritism, for bringing pressure to bear upon higher authorities—political and educational—the rank and file of the teachers think it is about time that they had some federation, some concerted action. And they are right in so thinking.

**Revised Temperance Legislation** Instruction in temperance hygiene has become compulsory in most of the states and territories of the country, owing to the persistent efforts of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. Of late there have been signs of reaction against this part of the school curriculum, especially in New England and notably in Massachusetts and Connecticut. The attempt made in 1898-1899 by the W. C. T. U. of Massachusetts to make the law of that state more rigid, failed, opposition to it being led by members of the State Board of Education and many of the leading physicians and clergymen of the state who considered the law then on the statute-books too rigid, not to say anything of attaching more penalties to teachers who declined to obey the letter of the law. Indeed, the attempt of the W. C. T. U. to stiffen the law, brought on legislation hostile to the law as it stood. Moderate men and women in the ranks of the temperance reformers and among the teachers realized then that they must get together if the law was to be saved, and a committee of twelve was selected, six representing the educators and six the temperance reformers.

**The Changes Suggested** This committee has been at work ever since arbitrating on the issue. A majority of the committee is about ready to report with a recommendation as to graded courses of instruction, adapted to the primary, grammar and high school grades, the principles for which the temperance advocates stand being determined as to their pedagogical form by experienced educators. The text of the report may be found in the *Journal of Education* (July 10). It is recommended that text-books with graphic realistic depictions of the ravages wrought by alcohol on the human system no longer be put into the hands of primary class children. The instruction is to be oral, and the child's interests and point of view are to be kept in mind. Penalties no longer will attach to teachers who do not teach temperance a definite number of times a month as formerly, and great care is to be taken that "the child shall not be led to feel that his own home and parents are subjected to criticism" when the subject is being taught. Massachusetts led in this particular form of educational



legislation, and she will lead, doubtless, in this adaptation of the law to methods which meet with the indorsement of teachers.

Those signing the report are F. A. Hill, secretary Massachusetts State Board of Education, Miss Sarah Arnold, dean of Simmons College, Prof. G. W. Fitz, medical visitor Harvard College, William A. Baldwin, principal Hyannis Normal School, J. Asbury Pitman, superintendent of schools, Marlborough, Ray Greene Huling, head master Cambridge English High School, Mrs. Katherine Lente Stevenson, president of the Massachusetts W. C. T. U., Mrs. Mary G. Stuckenberg, superintendent of temperance and labor department of the National W. C. T. U., and Mrs. Louise C. Purington, M. D., superintendent of health and heredity department of the National W. C. T. U. The minority who decline to sign the report are Mrs. Mary H. Hunt, superintendent of scientific temperance instruction department National and World's W. C. T. U., Miss Jessie Forsyth, international superintendent of juvenile work for Good Templars, and Dr. A. H. Plumb, vice president of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society.

#### Minneapolis's Municipal Corruption

No class of American towns escapes venality. It exists in some form everywhere, even in the most simply governed and democratic village where lynx-eyed gossips might be expected to make the game of loot impossible. New York's and Philadelphia's nether depths have long been exposed to view. More recently St. Louis's corruption has been unearthed; and now the country is forced to contemplate a sad state of affairs in a typical town of another class—Minneapolis—the enterprising Minnesota city, where the campaign of "graft" by police officials and the criminal classes against the credulous and the defenseless has been managed by the chief of police and the mayor of the city, they and subordinate officials charged with the duty of suppressing crime having been proved guilty of conniving with the criminals and the "confidence men." One indictment against the chief of police has failed, but others stand, as do those against Mayor Ames, and they will be pressed to the end, the city now being thoroughly aroused and the Grand Jury being determined to probe the matter to the bottom. It is impossible, however, to feel very deep sympathy for the city in its present mortification. They re-elected the present mayor when he had a tarnished reputation.

#### Army and Navy Maneuvers

"Will the machinery work efficiently?" is the question which the heads of the war departments must be continually asking. For the final test of war material is war. To go as far as possible, however, in the training of men who are in charge of our weapons of attack and defense the Government has planned a wide series of maneuvers for August. First, an attacking squadron is to attempt to elude a larger defensive fleet and effect a landing on some point of the New England coast. Later the fleet is to attack and the army to defend, the attack being

within a certain limit of the Southern New England coast but the point to be attacked not being known. The coast defense corps and militia, assisted by a few small vessels, are to be ready to receive this attack at whatever point it shall be made, using all resources of news-gathering and the forces at their command in preparation. The press of the country is honored by being treated as a third element in these maneuvers and is left to discover by its own resources the plan and progress of the campaign. These sham attacks and defenses are good tests of material up to a certain point, but their real value is in testing and training men. The quickness of thought, readiness of resource and power of making the best use of the materials at hand in unforeseen circumstances which are the forces that count in the emergencies of war will have their training and recognition. We all hope that it may never be needful to use these qualities and resources in defense against a real enemy, but we shall all be glad to know that there are trained minds and abundant resources at command if ever the need should arise.

#### The Pennsylvania Mine Horror

By an explosion of fire damp in the mine of the Cambria Steel Company, Johnstown, the attention of the country for a second time was turned to the town in Pennsylvania which once before in its history was the scene of a frightful catastrophe. Up to date 114 victims have been rescued and identified. Others await identification. Others are terribly injured. Two facts stand out boldly in connection with the affair: first, the intimidation by the chief of the State Bureau of the Mines, that it was not caused by carelessness, but by design, in short, that were not the man dead who caused the explosion he would be prosecuted in the courts for murder; and second, the splendid deeds of heroism which followed the explosion, as miners young and old, who had escaped the dreadful shock, at once set about rescuing those who had been entombed. Thus the catastrophe reveals man at his worst and at his best—man willing to take life by wholesale in order to satisfy a personal grudge, and man willing to risk life to save life.

#### Difficulty with Canada

For some time the United States has been endeavoring to secure possession of two exiles from this country, wanted on charges of theft from the Government, who fled to Canada, were found there by detectives from this country but were not brought back immediately owing to the captives' successful appeal to the Canadian courts for aid. The attorney who has been in Canada representing the Department of Justice and vainly endeavoring to secure extradition has now filed a statement with his superiors in Washington making serious charges affecting the honesty and good will of the Canadian law officials, virtually charging them with shielding the criminals and placing obstructions in the way of their return to this country. It is a serious charge to be brought by the department of justice of one country against that of another; yet the charge remains and must be answered. But

counter charges of venality against the American attorney on the part of the implicated Canadian officials will not suffice. Secretary Hay has been asked by the Department of Justice to consider the propriety of making the matter a subject of interchange of opinion between the United States and Great Britain. Naturally he hesitated about filing so serious a charge; but finally has done so.

#### Kitchener's Return to London

Kitchener, the taciturn, relentless, work-compelling commander and lenient, forgiving, farsighted peacemaker, recalling in all his attributes our own Grant, has had a hearty welcome in London such as he deserved, but which he detests being a man who dislikes show and scorns the applause of men. If the king only had the nerve to set this large-molded, steel-willed Irish soldier at work clearing out the war office, British stock would rise in its own and in the world's markets. We have our own Root and Moody, backed by the President, cleaning up those branches of our national service which much need renovation and invigoration. Under Premier Waldeck Rousseau the same process has been going on in the French army since the Dreyfus *exposé* of rottenness. Great Britain cannot afford to let her aristocracy and her society women longer hamper the development of her military arm, or prevent such a shaking up of the war office as is needed by admission of the parliamentary commission recently reporting.

#### The Recall of Minister Wu Ting Fang

The minister of China to the United States, Mr. Wu Ting Fang, whose versatility, acumen and weight of character have made him the most notable representative of his country ever stationed at Washington, has been recalled to China to serve on a commission charged with codifying such Occidental laws as he and his colleague on the commission may think it best for China to adopt. Nominally this is a high honor. Actually it may be a punishment, so peculiar are the ways of the Orient and so complicated is the situation in Peking, as readers of Dr. Smith's article in this issue will infer. The new minister, Mr. Liang Chen Tung, appointed to succeed Mr. Wu is a graduate of Yale University, who has served in subordinate parts on special diplomatic missions. He is allied with the progressive party in China. On its surface the appointment seems commendable and ought to insure a continuance of the peculiarly friendly relations which now exist between us and China. The present minister, Mr. Wu, may not depart without being told that he has commended himself to the American people in a peculiar way. Secretary of State Hay found in him a trusted and resourceful adviser and helper during the troublous days of 1900 when the Boxer uprising was imperiling life and property; and so far did Mr. Wu go in a course in harmony with Occidental desires that he imperiled his own security at home. But Occidental desires, the best interests of China, and the ethics of Confucius and Jesus Christ in this instance all coincided—and for Mr. Wu there was but one course to pursue, however much it might

endanger his status with the reactionary court exiled from Peking.

The United States Successful as a Mediator

Commenting on the success which the United States has had in inducing the other Powers to be less stringent in dealing with China over the terms of readmission of the Chinese to Tientsin, the London *Spectator* cites the result of our moral pressure in this and other cases as proof positive of the increasing weight of the United States in international politics. 'Tis true, and the reason for it is obvious. We have a Secretary of State whose code of diplomacy has two main propositions: Do unto others as you would be done by; and say what you mean and stick to it.

### A Disappointing Convention

Much was expected of the triennial Sunday School Convention which was in session at Denver June 26-30, but the expectations were not realized so far as plans for Bible study are concerned. An association of editors and publishers of Bible lessons was formed last year which unanimously requested the International Sunday School Lesson Committee to provide courses for beginners and advanced students, prefacing and supplementing the uniform lessons such as have been in general use for the last thirty years. The committee prepared such courses and unanimously recommended their adoption.

But the convention did not seem to know its own mind. It discussed the report of its lesson committee for an entire morning session, and then voted unanimously to adopt the report. But immediately it reconsidered its action and finally decided to indorse only the uniform lesson, permitting a beginners' course as optional for "special demands and uses" but declaring that the Sunday schools "are not prepared to adopt a series of advanced lessons." By electing a committee for six years, binding it by the instruction that "one uniform lesson for all grades of the Sunday school shall be selected by the lesson committee, as in accordance with the usage of the past five lesson committees," this International Association has postponed any advance, as far as its leadership is concerned, till the year 1911.

The uniform lesson is itself optional, and always has been. No convention has had any authority to impose it on any denomination or any Sunday school. It found favor originally and has maintained its primacy for a generation because of manifest advantages and the able leadership of men and women who succeeded in bringing into a more or less compact organization a large proportion of Sunday schools throughout the world. It has been a great force in promoting popular study of the Bible. It may continue for some time to come the best available means of leading a great multitude of children and youth in that study.

But the uniform lesson for all classes is of necessity fragmentary and incomplete. It makes inadequate provision for introducing beginners to an orderly knowledge of revealed truth, and it leaves unexplored important parts of the Bible,

parts which are of greatest interest to maturer students. After five times traversing the elementary historical and biographical portions of the Scriptures, it was time for those who assume to lead the Sunday schools of the world in Bible study to provide for new fields and fresh research. It was time also to recognize the progress of recent years in child study, and to adopt methods which have proved successful in modern secular education.

In both these respects the convention was a disappointment. It was managed mainly by elderly men. Hardly a speaker under fifty years of age appeared on the platform. Many of the chairmen of state executive committees are veterans in the service. Few of those who took part in the discussions could have been in the schools or higher institutions of learning of the last quarter of a century. There was a conspicuous absence of the men whose writings have made the Bible a new book in recent years. One looked in vain for men of the type of Frank Sanders or Rush Rhees or Richard Moulton or Shailer Mathews or Ernest Burton. Eloquent addresses were made by noble, earnest Christian leaders, but few of these addresses registered any progress in Bible study or bear any marks which indicate that they might not have been made twenty years ago. Without some adequate recognition of the present generation in the ranks of the leaders the International Sunday School Association must become increasingly decadent.

It is probable that in some denominations the churches will be willing to continue to teach their children by the uniform lesson exclusively and to leave those who have traversed the Bible once or oftener in this way to withdraw from the Sunday school because nothing further is offered to them. But Congregationalists would discredit their intelligence by remaining content with methods of religious education which have been outgrown by public schools and colleges.

### The Friars in the Philippines

The situation at Rome, where Judge Taft is representing the United States in direct negotiations with the Vatican relative to the status of the Spanish friars in the Philippines, cannot be understood unless it is borne in mind that Spain is actively engaged there in behalf of her subjects, thwarting so far as possible the aims of the United States.

Moreover, it must be remembered that under the treaty of Paris the friars who are Spanish citizens cannot be ejected from the islands without our breaking faith. If the Vatican officials decline to aid us by using pontifical authority to secure the withdrawal of the distrusted Spanish friars we cannot proceed summarily. We can, of course, refuse to give any special protection to them. In this case they will have the alternative of remaining where they now are in Manila a burden on other Catholics, or of returning at the risk of their lives to the towns where they once labored but now cannot, owing first, to the withdrawal of the rule of Spain and second, to popular hatred of them.

The demands of the United States with

respect to the purchase of the friars' estates have been met by Rome; the only point where there is a hitch now, is on the immediate withdrawal of the Spanish friars. It is suggested from Rome that the issue will be solved by a compromise, time being given for the substitution of friars of another race for those of Spanish birth and citizenship. But this would not settle the matter. It is against the essentially feudal concept of a large landholding class rigidly excluding the native population from membership in it that the Filipinos revolt. To have German or American monks come in to take the place of Spanish would not relieve the situation.

As one reads the dispatches from Rome purporting to give the views of the Roman prelate diplomats one cannot but be amused, and, withal pleased, at the consternation which seems to have been caused by Governor Taft's directness of method and resoluteness. More disquieting are the repeated insinuations that the precedent established by this special embassy is to be pressed—we trust in vain—by the Vatican as reason for creating a permanent diplomatic relation between it and the United States.

Statements by Archbishop Ireland and representative American Catholic chaplains now in the Philippines have come during the past week substantiating the official disclaimer by acting Governor-General Wright of any efforts of the teachers in the public schools in the islands to make Protestant converts among the natives. The hue and cry raised by some of the Roman Catholic journals in this country, just at this time, no doubt was part of a scheme to embarrass the Administration in dealing with the friar problem.

### The New British Premier

Infirmities of the flesh and waning power to carry burdens have induced Lord Salisbury to resign the responsible office of premier of the British cabinet, and King Edward VII. has delegated the honor and burden of the post to a nephew of Lord Salisbury, Hon. A. J. Balfour, now leader of the coalition party in the House, a Scotch Presbyterian with a philosophic mind, who is a cynic like his uncle. Thus is the reign of "the House of Cecil" perpetuated, and the *Bête noire* of the Liberals and the Tories, Mr. Chamberlain, is prevented from taking the place which is his by right of intellectual power and most perfect personification of present national tendencies.

There will be changes in the cabinet of course, and, inasmuch as the new premier has both knowledge of and sympathy with Ireland which his distinguished uncle never possessed, it may be that a brighter day for Ireland has dawned. If Mr. Balfour could be himself or could reflect the Scotch point of view of national education and not the point of view of the Cecils or of the Established Church of England, the outlook for education in England would be brighter; but his recent dealing with the deputation of Free Churchmen appealing for modifications of the educational bill now before Parliament, gives little hope of intelligent or sympathetic action by him as premier,



lessening the bitterness of the justifiable feeling among Nonconformists.

As Americans, we can rest assured that the new prime minister has a very kindly feeling for us and our country, and that he will carry on that task of binding Great Britain and the United States closer together which Lord Salisbury has begun, which chapter in the career of the retiring statesman will always be one of the most renowned and praiseworthy.

A sentiment of pathos is awakened as one contemplates the retirement of Lord Salisbury. Had he been more approachable, more human, more democratic in his sympathies throughout his career he would not seem so lonely a figure now, as he retires to a home from which death has lately taken a mistress—his wife. Cynicism, dense ignorance often of currents of life within the realm among the masses, immobility, lack of imagination and passion are characteristics of Lord Salisbury, which no appraiser can omit in weighing his record. On the other hand, he has shown tenacity, loyalty to ideals and friends, a disposition to avoid war and to increase national prestige by the arts of peace and the use of diplomacy rather than by display of force. The note of his long and varied career as premier and as leader of the Opposition has been that of conservatism. It is doubtful whether under his statecraft Great Britain's prestige during the past seven years has increased in the Orient; it is doubtful whether it has held its own.

With Lord Salisbury's retirement a distinct era of British history closes; and the times call for a premier who fitly represents the new spirit and the new hour. And, in our opinion, Mr. Balfour is not the man. Accident of birth and not intrinsic worth has made him what he has been and is to be. Not that we deny his rare gifts of a certain kind, but he is not the typical man of the empire fitted to lead it at an hour when it needs supreme masterful leadership, if it is to meet successfully the challenge of Germany, Russia and the United States.

### Mr. Bryce On the Backward Races

The most striking utterance of the year in view of the theme discussed and the character of the speaker is Mr. James Bryce's recent address at Oxford University, now published in book form in this country, in which with knowledge and practical wisdom suffused with high ethical purpose he discusses the future relations of the races of mankind, the advanced and the backward, the higher and the lower, the Caucasian and the non-Caucasian. To sum it up briefly he supports the position of the South in what he has to say of the Negro problem, and the position of the Pacific slope and Australia in what he has to say inferentially of the Chinese problem. Coming from so prominent a Liberal this is prophetic of relative harmony of opinion among Britons as the problem of the races is taken up in Africa.

For a discriminating analysis of the address and an able reply to it, *The Nation* (July 10) should be read. The writer, A. V. Dicey, Vinerian professor of law at Oxford University, takes issue with

Mr. Bryce, because he would permanently stereotype a community—say the United States or South Africa—into two absolutely separate, though it may be not actually hostile, bodies; because such rigid separation would foster that very pride of race and that contempt of men who, on the ground of color, are counted as inferiors, which statesmanship and humanity alike wish to remove; because rigid separation between blacks and whites is hard to reconcile with the essential character of Christianity; and lastly, because the policy of isolation is inconsistent with the fundamental assumption of democracy.

Mr. Dicey does not go so far as to say that these objections are decisive. He admits that Mr. Bryce's policy in its general drift is pre-eminently wise if it be looked upon as a scheme for meeting fairly the immediate difficulties of the present.

The highest statesmanship often consists in meeting the present and not anticipating the future. But the present should be known in all its fullness. Booker T. Washington knows the present, and is content to await the future. Mr. Dicey is a teacher of constitutional law and apt to look at political and social problems from the standpoint of the jurist and theorist. Mr. Bryce is a profound student of history, a traveler who has studied problems at first hand, and withal a man whose ethical standards are lofty.

### The Promise of Harvest

Our country is in the full tide of prosperity. A journey of 5,000 miles from Boston to Western Colorado and return has revealed an amount of wealth we have never seen before in regions we have traversed several times. Cities throb with business activities, railroads have been reconstructed, their roadbeds made solid and strong with new appliances, the speed of their trains has been greatly increased, while the transportation of passengers and goods is carried on with greater economy and precision. At many of the principal towns station houses of brick or granite have displaced the wooden structures of a dozen years ago.

Never have we seen so rich promise in the great grain fields of the Interior and Western states. The prairies laugh with joy of harvest. Wheat fields stretching away to the horizon are yellow with waving grain, which reapers are tossing into sheaves ready for threshing. The traveler is whirled through counties green with growing corn, oats and grass. Here and there it is to be seen that rains have been excessive and warmer weather would be welcome. But too much moisture is far better than drought, and little complaint of it is heard. The ranges offer splendid pasture away to the slopes of the Rockies and they are dotted with vast numbers of cattle. Irrigation, too, is redeeming many thousands of acres of what once was arid soil. For days the traveler sees spread before him an ever unfolding table of food for the nation, with an abundant surplus for other less favored lands.

Farmers talk cheerfully and confidently of their prospects. Their conditions in such states as Nebraska and Colorado

have improved wonderfully in the last decade. The dugout has become a rarity and the shanty is giving place to the comfortable home. Good roads are being built across the prairies, and fine horses and carriages are seen on them. Iowa's cultivated farms and smiling villages look like the best parts of New England. Its southern counties often remind one of the Connecticut Valley. Drought is heard of in the Southwest, and cloud-bursts in the Northwest, but in the main, unless unforeseen disasters occur, this season bids fair to be one of the most prosperous in the country's history.

The expansion of the nation under these conditions and the increase of its influence and power are inevitable. The responsibilities of its citizens must increase correspondingly. Especially is this great prosperity a call to Christians to stand first for righteousness, for service to their fellow-citizens in our own land and to the world. "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall much be required."

### Christ Our Yokefellow

He whose heart is wholly in the work will never complain of the yoke. For its weight is no more than is the measure of efficiency. The ox without it cannot use his strength excepting for the push of horns that means destruction. But when the ox bears the yoke it becomes efficient for companionship in the constructive tasks of man. What it might strive to do and do imperfectly if it could feel the will to help, it does easily by the concentrating and ease-giving assistance of the yoke.

In Christ's comparison taking the yoke is learning to concentrate strength and use it easily for the work he gives and shares. For he, too, bore the yoke and learned obedience through the things he suffered. His efficiency was no swift happening; it grew in that long childhood and through early manhood's strength. He, too, must bear the burden of restraint that makes for overcoming and for service. He served his generation and through so doing served the men of all the ages since. Not as an owner, cold, unsympathetic, bent upon mere gain for self, but as the partner of a great self-giving which we all may share, he calls this consecration and restraint "my yoke." He has made it his by bearing it and using it for mighty works in help of men.

The pledge of our success in overcoming and in service is this partnership with Christ. He is not merely an on-looker in our work—he suffers in defeats, he rejoices in our victories. So real, so vital, did this partnership appear to the apostle that he thought of his old life as dead. "I have been crucified with Christ; and it is no longer I that live, but Christ liveth in me." This is the completed and efficient life which so identifies itself with him that his will is our will, his joy our joy, his strength our strength.

In form and ornament the yoke we bear may not be just the one we would have chosen. But the vital question is of our efficiency. If in the church where we belong, the work we do, the company we keep, the largest possible efficiency

for Christ through serving men is found, we can, we must, postpone questions of taste and inclination. If we are really hard at work for Christ we shall find weariness everywhere. But weariness is the condition of the rest that remaineth for the people of God. How can the disciple who has never felt the yoke or bowed a weary head in prayer at night expect to know the blessing and refreshment of the great reward?

### In Brief

Chaplain Tribou will be welcomed back to the Charlestown navy yard. We have missed him for the past year and so have his many other friends. He is a true soldier of the church militant.

With all our civilization we are not so developed as to make it impossible for a thousand Indians to gather near Butte, Mont., and have a "sun dance," accompanied with ceremonies involving laceration of the participants' bodies, etc.

"Pedal legaments artistically illuminated and lubricated for the infinitesimal remuneration of five cents per operation, by Prof. Pat." This, copied from a sign on Charles Street, is the Bostonese way of saying that boots are blacked by Pat for a nickel.

The dedication of the Stony Point reservation this week recalls another exploit of the Revolution. The American Scenic and Historic Preservation Society, which is in charge of the reservation, deserves much credit for its work in rescuing the property for the uses of the public.

It seems to have required the killing of thirty-one persons, the wounding of 2,649 others and the destruction of property by fire to the amount of \$250,153 to express the joy of the American people that another year of their independence of Great Britain was completed July 4. The miseries resulting indirectly from insensate noise have not been tabulated.

Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker of London has had an acute breakdown. Robust for so many years without a pain or an ache, like many another man of the type when the break came it not only smote the body but the mind; and to the patient the end seemed nearer than it is. His physicians are hoping that after a summer's rest the great figure of London Nonconformity may return to his throne.

Grown folks as well as children will enjoy the pretty story we publish this week, entitled *The Club's Baby*. It won the second prize in our recent prize competition for juvenile stories. This is not by any means the first story written for us by Mrs. Jessie Wright Whitcomb, who knows what boys and girls like, being the mother of several children as well as a practicing lawyer.

Rev. W. T. Hutchins, formerly a Congregationalist, who withdrew on request from the Hampden (Mass.) Association, proved the wisdom of his withdrawal from the denomination by an address last Sunday in Springfield, avowing that he had no sympathy with the doctrines of Congregational churches. He is reported to have declared that his stock of patience with Congregationalism is running very low. This seems serious.

On the outside of the old state house in Boston the lion and unicorn still stand a continual exercise for the indignation of Irish-American members of the city council. Only the other day one proposed that they be removed. For so witty a people, the Irish are

singularly devoid of humor. Would they enjoy American liberty so much if it lacked the background of a defeated British tyranny to which the exiled monsters on the old state house bear mute testimony?

Rev. Thomas J. Morgan, for several years the efficient secretary of the Baptist Home Missionary Society, died July 13, at Yonkers, N. Y., aged sixty-two years. Dr. Morgan made an honorable record as a soldier in the Civil War, rising from the position of a private to the rank of colonel in the 14th Colored United States Infantry, and of brevet-brigadier-general of United States Volunteers. He was Commissioner of Indian Affairs under President Harrison's administration, and in many ways has spent his life effectively in Christian public service.

Prof. George F. Moore of Harvard was recently talking with a jovial, cultured Roman Catholic priest, about Prof. Josiah Royce's book, *The World and the Individual*, which each had read, the priest's criticisms showing insight. "And do you wonder we do not care to have our Catholic youth study at Harvard and come under the influence of men like Professor Royce," said the priest, "unless they have been previously well-grounded in the Catholic faith? For unless they had been so trained there would be danger that they would all become Idealists!"

Rev. Dr. John Hunter has instituted at Weigh House Church, London, a series of monthly children's services on Sunday forenoons which are attracting large audiences. A children's service book is provided for each attendant, with counsels as to behavior in church and two brief prayers, one to be offered on entering and another on leaving the church. Dr. Hunter's sermons to his audience of little folk are as carefully prepared as those to his older hearers, and he is rewarded with good attention. Here is an example which could be successfully followed by some of our ablest American preachers.

It was one of Edward Bellamy's conceits in *Looking Backward* that the time would come when the area of influence of clergymen would be vastly increased through the use of the telephone in connection with preaching, connections between the church and many and far distant homes being established. The scheme was worked successfully in Washington, Ind., last Sunday. The local telephone company made extra efforts to carry out the plan, and thousands of subscribers, the well and the ill, inmates of farm houses and of hospitals, heard sermons. This seems to be a kind of home department of public worship. Who will claim to be the father of it?

On the night of the peace celebrations in London Mr. Murray Spicer, a young city merchant and a connection of the well-known Nonconformist family of Spicers, was brutally robbed and murdered by a gang of ruffians not far from his home in Euston Road. He had recently served in South Africa as an Imperial Yeoman. Mr. Spicer was an old boy of the Congregationalist school at Mill Hill, where the news of his sad end was received with keen regret and indignation. The headmaster, Dr. J. D. McClure, preaching the following Sunday in the school chapel, said that the manner of his death was a call to Mill-Hillians to avenge it. He proposed, therefore, that on the scene of the murder the school should establish an educational and recreational club to brighten the lives of those classes from whom the Hooligan bands of St. Pancras are recruited. A noble revenge indeed!

Next week Saturday the Forward Movement Council convenes at Silver Bay, Lake George, to be in session until Aug. 4. This is the only distinctively Congregational assem-

blage at Silver Bay this summer, although it is preceded and followed by international interdenominational gatherings like the Young People's Conference now in session, at which over thirty missionary boards and a large number of local churches and societies are represented. The Forward Movement Council this year embraces the interests of our home societies as well as of the American Board, and we hope that the excellent results of last year will be paralleled during the coming fortnight. Such a meeting as this is just what many a man and woman in our churches need for the quickening of their missionary enthusiasm. The conference too is likely to issue in practical schemes of action, which can hardly fail to have a bearing upon the more effective prosecution of our missionary work as a whole. There is still room at the hotel for those persons who will apply before the 25th of this month to Benjamin C. Marsh, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York.

### Pencilings

BY A PERIPATETIC

I ran across a Wisconsin pastor the other day who admires Senator Spooner of that state very much. He tells me that Senator Spooner once gave to him a frank analysis of Mr. McKinley's character, closing with these words, "Mr. McKinley believes in God." "And so do I," added Senator Spooner.

However much the recently arranged plan of bookselling may be doing to save the retail bookseller from being driven out of business by the department stores, it is quite as apparent that the present prices of certain books much desired by clergymen are practically prohibitive. It seems to me a short-sighted policy; it certainly is one that is militating against clerical peace of mind. I hear growls on every side of men who wish to read and own Professor James's and Principal Fairbairn's latest books, and do not feel able to purchase them. Had there been an increase of ministers' salaries during the past few years, during which the price of living in all respects has increased forty per cent, the growls would be fewer and less deep. But there has been no general movement of the kind. The English clergy are protesting, in letters to the English religious newspapers, against the exorbitant prices asked for Principal Fairbairn's book.

Judging by a talk recently with a cultivated Negress from Washington, D. C., the Negroes have a kindlier feeling for President Roosevelt than they had for President McKinley.

Professor Nash of the Cambridge (Protestant Episcopal Divinity) School predicts a revival of monasticism and asceticism in the Christian Church in this country within fifty years as a reaction against the worldliness of the church and the world; and Prof. William James (in the expensive book which his publishers have put forth) says that the most serious moral evil of the time is the dread which the educated classes of this country have for anything approaching poverty. This means of course that he thinks the tendency of the hour is to put undue emphasis on the perishable rather than the imperishable.

It is very interesting to note at the Harvard Summer School of Theology how the various lecturers this year, without any prior consultation, have buttressed each other up in the contention that the work of destruction is about over and that the time for construction in theology has come. But most of them, which is not surprising, are more clever in describing what has been torn down than in the task of planning for the new structure.



## Among the Black Diamond Diggers

A Sketch of Conditions in the Region of the Great Strike

BY WILLIAM FUTHEY GIBBONS  
*Author of Those Black Diamond Men*

Just now in the anthracite coal regions every man has a clean face. In ordinary times, the first thing which strikes a visitor to the mining villages is the dirt. The men on their way home from work have faces and hands like dusty ebony. The children are still grimy, but that is because they are still picking coal from the great culm dumps. The houses are still dingy, for eight weeks of rain cannot wash off the stain which the wind has for years borne from the dumps, or the reek that was vomited from the air shaft of the mine. The streets are still littered with rubbish and the gutters are choked with filth. In fact, there are some coal-mining villages where the great strike is now on that deserve to be classed as slums.

This condition of affairs exists in a region by nature as beautiful as any in the world. The mountains of Pennsylvania are rugged. They were once covered with noble trees and splendid laurels, while the streams were fringed with rhododendrons or silvery birches. In the older mining districts every vestige of the forest has disappeared. The shrubs and even the grass are dead and the surface is furrowed by floods or fallen into gaping holes by reason of the sinkages in the mines below. In some of these hamlets not even a shade tree is to be found—nothing but the bare rock or barren earth.

Another fact likely to be vividly impressed upon the visitor is the number of crippled persons on the streets. Coal mining is a dangerous business. Last year more than five hundred men were killed and over twelve hundred injured in the hard coal mines of Pennsylvania. The expectation of life of the man who enters the mines is fifteen years. But it is not only by premature blasts or by explosions of inflammable gas or by the falling of the roof in the chambers or through some mischance in the operation of the dangerous machinery that death comes, but the very life of the miner underground and the breathing of the air surcharged with gas or particles of coal dust mean shortened lives. A peculiar form of consumption, known as miners' asthma, kills almost as many victims as the dangerous machinery or the gas, and no count is made of these deaths by the State Bureau of Mining in their columns of statistics. The average boy who enters the mines at fifteen—and many enter long before that age—has finished his useful life at thirty. In fifteen years after he has entered the breaker or the mine he is either dead or an invalid.

Physical injury is not the only one from which the miners suffer. The hard conditions of their life and the frequent accidents which deprive the family of its head and breadwinner often compel the boys of the family to enter the coal breaker at a very early age. Hence, illiteracy prevails to an appalling degree. The law forbids the employment of boys in the breaker under twelve years of age, but neglects to bring the breakers under

the jurisdiction of the factory inspector, so that the law is practically a dead letter. It would be hard to say how much of the lawlessness which accompanies a strike in the mining regions is due to the ignorance or viciousness of those whose education has been interrupted if not rendered impossible by their being forced into the demoralizing school of the breaker long before they had reached the legal age of twelve years.

Another fact which a stranger would notice is that the men of a mining village are mostly foreigners. Almost all the unskilled labor is performed by Italians, Poles or Hungarians. Even the skilled labor of mining coal is done for the most part by these foreigners, or by immigrants from Great Britain and the sons of these foreign-born immigrants. The petty bosses about the mines are mostly English, Welsh or Irish, or their sons who have grown up in this country. Although thousands of farmers' boys of pure American stock have flocked into the anthracite districts, few or none are to be found working underground. As the sons of the foreign born miners become better educated, they rise in the social scale and leave the mines, often working for far lower wages than their fathers earn.

When the strike was declared, a concerted effort was made to gather into the schools the thousands of breaker boys who were idle. But by the irony of fate, at the very time when they might have been taught, it was discovered that the school funds of the state had all been spent and the schools were closed nearly a month earlier than usual.

There is a subdued silence now throughout the whole region. This is the month when the mines are usually running at their best in order to provide the stock of coal which prudent householders buy in summer for their winter use. But now the shrieking stridor of the conveyors has rusted into silence and the grim, black breakers look down with uncompassionate hostility upon the clustered hamlets at their bases.

Not only are the breakers idle, but they are boarded up and fenced in as well with high barricades surmounted by barbed wire. Behind these barriers the coal companies have gathered their clerks and certain of the company hands, who are sworn in as members of the coal and iron police force according to the laws of the state for the protection of the company's property. These men are armed and kept under military discipline. At the headquarters of each coal company they are lodged in barracks, fed at a common mess and put through regular drills. It is a state of war which, fortunately, has not reached an acute stage. The strikers have, so far, behaved with moderation, except in some instances where a few hot-headed individuals have precipitated slight difficulties.

It should also be said that the companies have not needlessly provoked trouble since the strike began. They

have not forbidden the picking of coal from the dumps, where hundreds of the women and children as well as the men have swarmed daily. While hard coal can be bought at the seaboard and elsewhere at an advanced price, in the anthracite coal regions from the day when the strike was declared the companies prohibited the sale of coal at any price. The result is that coal, more or less weather-beaten and covered with iron rust, is being peddled by men and boys from door to door. Sacks, dish pans, wheelbarrows, as well as carts and wagons, filled with such coal are seen even in the streets of the cities.

There is also a smell of bituminous coal smoke in the air. Soft coal is being burned in the factories. The peculiar smell and the haze that goes with it are not uncommon in many places in the East where they have not been noticed before. In the anthracite regions they have been absolutely unknown for a generation. Not since the Great Suspension, as the long continued strike of 1878 is called, has there been bituminous coal burned in this district.

The strikers ask for the redress of certain grievances, for a day of eight hours instead of ten, as at present, and for the recognition of the labor union. Wages on the basis of an eight-hour day would be equivalent to an increase of twenty per cent. on the present wages. In regard to the question of wages, widely different estimates have been made. The operators in the figures they give vary from fifty to seventy-five dollars per month; but the Pennsylvania Bureau of Mines and Mining gives official statistics that show an average wage of less than twenty-five dollars per month the year round. This includes all sorts of labor about the mines, whether performed by men or boys.

The position of the coal operators may be briefly summed up as follows: They declare that they cannot afford to increase wages at the present price of coal. Especially do they insist that they cannot allow the men to dictate through the labor union how or when or with what sort of labor or at what wages they shall run their mines. They refuse to recognize the union and they refuse to arbitrate through the Civic Federation. The operators rely on the needs of the men to bring the strike to an end. Outwardly there are as yet few signs of pinching poverty. Many of the foreigners have returned to Italy or Hungary, especially the unmarried men who have crowded the boarding houses. Of those who remain some have found work at low wages as day laborers, while others have gone into the farming districts to help in the harvest fields. The strikers make every effort to keep their own men and all non-union men from going to work. The lot of the "scab" workman is not an easy one. The following, related by an eyewitness, is one of the least painful of his experiences:

"The 'scab' was on his way to his work and he had to cross the river. There was a gang of the union men layin' for him, and they stretched theirselves clean across the front of the bridge. Must have been a hundred or more. Well, he tried and seen he couldn't get through,

so he turned to go down the river, intendin' to cross on the wire footbridge half a mile further down. But whichever way he turned the boys pushed ahead of him and turned him back. It was like a football scrimmage. Once he started to run around the edge and run plum-

sock right into my shoulder and fell down."

"Why, were you among the strikers?" the hearer asked in surprise.

The narrator broke off abruptly. "Young man, it seems to me you ask an awful lot of fool questions."

## The Organ's Opportunities

By Rev. E. H. Byington

The organ, above all musical instruments, is honored by the church; no sanctuary seems complete without it, and no church service on Sunday satisfactory without its co-operation. At the same time it is our custom to refuse the organ a fair opportunity. We allow it to speak while the congregation is coming in, and while the congregation is going out, and while the collection is being taken, and when human voices in choir or congregation are holding forth, but at no other time, only when there is some greater attraction or some distraction. Public speakers know that it is absolutely impossible to produce effective impressions by talking when persons are walking up and down the aisles, or other voices are audible. Yet we never give the organ any other opportunity—never allow it a quiet moment for its message.

Organ music is well fitted to awaken aspirations, impart peace and comfort, arouse heroic purposes and endeavors, express the highest type of worship, but seldom does it have a fair chance. I remember the astonishment on the faces of the congregation the first time I announced at an evening service that the next five minutes would be given to the organ alone. It happened that I wished to impress upon the audience the triumphant temper of Christianity, and I knew that a certain piece of music on the organ could do it better than my words. And it did. I have found it so at other times. Not long ago, at a vesper service, Chopin's Funeral March was played on the organ after the first point of my sermon, because it expressed so well the idea that I was trying to state.

We have in the organ a real power that we are not utilizing. Omit occasionally the prelude, or postlude, and insert in the service some organ music that will aid the thought and feeling of the hour; preface it with a few words that will indicate its spirit and meaning and enable the congregation to appreciate and catch its uplift, and if there be nothing to distract the attention it will make a deep impression. Instrumental music has an appeal of its own, quite distinct from singing, and we seldom avail ourselves of it. Give the organ a fair chance.

It is mainly the organ's relation to hymn singing, however, that I wish to consider. Few in organ loft or pew realize the value of the organ in the thoughtful use of hymns. Hymn singing labors under one great disadvantage, when compared with that of anthems, cantatas and oratorios. In the latter the music is composed for the words, or the words selected for the music. Between each line and its accompanying music there can be a harmony that increases greatly the effectiveness of the whole.

The majority of hymns and tunes, however, were not composed for each other; and even where this is the case, or they seem well mated, the hymn labors under a great disadvantage, because the same music must be used for all its verses. One verse may be joyous and the next sad, one submissive and the next aggressive, one a prayer and the next a clarion call to duty, one on death and the next on the resurrection; but the same notes and the same time must be used for all.

Here lies the great opportunity of the organ, with its ability, by the use of different stops, to produce tones which shall correspond to and interpret the sentiments of the successive verses. At a recent installation my attention was attracted to the tone of the organ in the third verse of the congregational hymn; it had become buoyant, joyous, uplifting. Then I noticed that the verse had in it the word hope and the spirit of hopefulness. Before my mind had caught the significance of the verse, the organist called my attention to its spirit, and led me to sing it thoughtfully. I recently heard a minister's wife play a hymn for congregational singing on a small pipe organ, and by an intelligent use of the stops she interpreted the spiritual significance of each successive verse.

It is true that a congregation needs to be educated to sing thus thoughtfully. A friend of mine told me of the experience of a strong singer who was participating heartily in congregational singing. She described with great indignation to him the way in which the organist played the music for one of the verses so softly that her voice sounded out with annoying prominence. In reality he was playing thoughtfully, and she was singing thoughtlessly. Eventually thoughtful organ playing will result in thoughtful hymn singing.

Interludes, between verses, also have a great value. As resting places, where the panting singer can catch his breath, they are needless and absurd. I remember an organist who invariably played an interlude after the second verse, without any regard to the thought. When we sang "While shepherds watched their flocks by night" to Christmas, the interlude came in the middle of the angel's message, and we had a long pause, as though he was so exhausted by his long, swift flight from heaven that he had to pause a minute for breath. In "Come, thou Almighty King," the interlude should come after the third verse, and so in "Thou art the way," and in "How firm a foundation" it should come after the first verse, as a thoughtful glance at these hymns will show. Interludes correspond to the paragraphing and di-

vision into chapters in a book. They should indicate a development of the thought, a change from an appeal to men to a prayer to God; the turn from the general thought to the personal touch. They should do something more than occupy the time. Some hymns should have no interludes at all, but often they can aid greatly in the thoughtful use of hymns. Some years ago I heard Harry Rowe Shelley play an ideal interlude. The verse before the last was on death, and the organ tones were subdued. The last verse described the exultant joy of heaven. Instead of passing on with unchanged organ, he commenced an interlude. From the death music it went on soft and low. Then the notes commenced to rise higher and higher, becoming sweeter and brighter, and passing into strains of hope and joy. Increasing in volume, the organ soared into a triumphant tone, and then burst forth into rapturous exultation, having brought the congregation to a point where they were able and eager to participate in the heavenly song of the last verse.

This, it is true, was exceptional, and not all organists could produce such effects every time, but it shows that the organ can be used to make the singing of hymns more thoughtful. Most organists could help us more than they do, and most congregations would sing far more thoughtfully if they noticed what the organ was telling them.

## The Symbolism of Genesis

I have no doubt that some of the most formidable difficulties found in the Bible are due to our taking for prose what was intended to be symbol or parable. In the beginning of Genesis, for example, we have a scene described in which a serpent speaks, and there is a tree possessed of the power of conferring the knowledge of good and evil. Did a serpent ever speak? Did there ever grow a tree with such marvelous properties? I do not know; but I know that, if ever man fell, he must have fallen in the way here described, for he is falling in this way every day and every hour. The story is written straight out of the heart of humanity, and every sinning man knows that Adam is his father, and every sinning woman that Eve is her mother, as they are portrayed in this narrative. But when you see the eternal truth in the story of Eden, the question about the serpent speaking and the tree of knowledge interests you no more than that of the correctness of Shakespeare's version of Danish history.  
—Rev. Dr. James Stalker, Aberdeen.

I think I am safe in saying that, next to the Christian religion and the common schools, no other single work enters into the welfare and happiness of the people of the whole country to the same extent as the railway.—J. J. Hill, president Great Northern Railway.



## Along Salt Water Paths

By Isaac Ogden Rankin

The river, sea replenished, is brimming full. Yet here the tide does not climb as on the beaches, wave succeeding wave, but quietly, not even rippled by the summer wind, until it overflows and leaves no trace of its own earlier markings on the rocks. The plenitude of ocean has searched out its place in every nook and cranny of the shore. For one brief, culminating moment it seems poised in infinite content. Peace is above and about us—stillness of happy life—the sky barred with white clouds in moving companies, the winding river dimpled with the first movement of the ebb, the granite ledges and the whispering pines that make a mystery of the shore.

This labyrinth of inlets, rivers, bays, which makes the coast of Maine a paradise of restful beauty, is threaded daily by this most friendly of all little boats. It is at home by the wharf of the big town, where the stream is broad enough for all the navies, and the big chimneys of the shipbuilding yards loom up against the sky. It slackens speed to toss ashore a bundle of letters and newspapers for some waiting old man and his dog. It brings news and bundles to holes and corners of the land. By winding channels, or broad bays, now hidden in a turning of the stream, now venturing past gray, rocky islands out to the swell of the open sea, it picks its way on errands that link house to house and man to man. At every landing place the little boat is waited for and its coming is the great event of the day. The crowning joy of solitude is everywhere its moment of contact with the stirring world. There is always a man or boy to seize the rope and fit its loop over a post. Some one is on hand to take the mail bag—for which a patient horse and dusty buckboard wait. A bevy of rosy girls is picturesquely grouped against the shelter on the pier, and their smiles and giggles answer quickly to some saucy greeting from our deck. A gray old lady waits with bag and bandbox, starting on a visit to a married daughter, one must guess; or, if the place is in possession of the swarm of city visitors, there will be cottage girls with bare brown arms that tell of many sunny days on deck, of tiller and of sheet; and gay summer fashions under bright parasols will await our business man who smoked on deck so diligently all the way and has evidently come to share for a few days in the pleasure of his family.

The air grows still as the sun declines and the river sleeps, except where at some narrow pass between the rocks the tide ebbs fast. There is solitude which takes the thought back to that earlier solitude before the first venturesome fishing craft from over the wide sea put in for refuge from the storm, or came to dry its fish on the hot, sun-baked ledges. Yet even then these shores were not wholly left to solitude. The Indians knew the winding channels and the openings of the bays, and came from far inland for their summer feasts, of which great remnant shell heaps still bear witness. Many of the shores and islands hold the names they gave. And even

the white man's works seem accidents in this broad but infinitely varied beauty made from rough materials of the primeval world, from fir and pine and all the varied undergrowths, from granite rocks and clear salt waves.

It is a time for dreaming, and as evening gathers we come to an old world town—the broad bay narrowing to the ridge, on which white houses wait, the fishing fleet at anchor with furled sails, the wharves stretching far out as if to overtake the ebbing and forsaking sea. All speaks of ocean and its ways and tides. Word of the great world comes with us. The iron track has never reached these shores. The street is largely given up to ship stores and ship carpentry. Anchors and ropes and capstans are in the windows with the canned goods that make the solace of the table on a lengthened voyage. And the smell of fish is in the air—a mingled smell of drying cod and of the sardine factories that occupy the wharves. The street winds as carelessly as if it had been marked out by a seaman's rolling walk. At one end a sloop is on the ways; at the other the mud of a tidal creek is dotted with the sloping masts of boats.

Beside our wharf a deep-laden fishing boat has just come in. Its hold is full of a glittering silver heap of baby herring. Men scoop them up in nets, and they are noisily hauled up to the dock in baskets. Girls and women, chatting, laughing, innocent of hats and begrimed with fishiness, arrange them swiftly on trays, which men transfer as they are filled to the sunny roof to dry. All is of the sea. It laves the shores with ebb and flow. It feeds the people and enables them to do their part toward the feeding of the world. It makes their highways and their holidays. And by its side, among its children, the traveler feels in quiet days that he has come near again to the primitive sources of a nation's daring strength. His breath is not the jaded breath of city streets, but the washed, inspiring air of forest and of ocean—a gift to be made the most of and provocative of thanks.

### Summertime in Washington

BY LILLIAN CAMP WHITTLESEY

The contrast between February and July at Washington, how great! Today the city is embowered in green, but in many portions of the residence section the heat shimmers up from deserted streets, and the heavy foliage swaying in the summer breeze, throws its shade upon homes with shuttered windows and boarded doors. The many apartment houses rise above the line of reflected heat, of flies and mosquitoes and of tree-tops. From the highest story of one of them, I observe with regret the iron framework of several more that are in process of construction. No matter how convenient they may be in individual cases, or how profitable to stockholders, there is no question but that these huge house trusts are affecting normal home-life and interfering with the beauty of the city.

From my temporary vantage point, I observe that within six months the walls of the Foundry Methodist Church, where President McKinley worshipped before he became President, have been pulled down, the bricks carted to a hill a couple of miles to the north are now being plastered around an iron skeleton and the affair is labeled "bachelor apartments." Shades of John Wesley and his large family of small children! The old site is having a fine office building put upon it, and the church, with a couple of hundred thousand dollars in its pocket, had no trouble in securing a desirable uptown lot, where a handsome edifice will soon be in process of building. The dust is thick on K and 17th Streets, where houses are coming down to make way for the apartment house in which Secretary Hay is an investor.

In another direction which, a few years ago, was truly country, the rolling hills have been leveled, the hollows filled in, and miles of newly-laid asphalt are bordered with slender twigs that are the substitutes for the great old trees that have been slaughtered. They will in time shelter the rows of houses that are building as rapidly as bricks can be laid.

Undoubtedly, Washington is keeping up with the national improvement that reaches from the Atlantic to the Pacific—but we must confess that we loved it best as a great spreading village. In a country so very wide, it does seem as though there might be room enough at the capital, so that families should not be wedged in between party-walls, with a front and rear yard as big as a sheet, or pigeon-holed into ten-story apartments with the only garden a roof garden atop of the whole.

At last the executive offices are to be outside of the White House and for the present the Chief Executive is out of it also. Several hundred thousand dollars are to be put into it and into a suitable office building between it and the building of the State, War and Navy Departments. The fine, old exterior is not to be materially altered, and Architect McKim of New York says that the remodeled interior is to harmonize in beauty and simplicity.

President Roosevelt found time on the closing day of Congress to attend the laying of the corner stone of the new Grace Memorial Reformed Church. He personally tapped the stone with the gavel and repeated the ritual. The new edifice has become a present necessity from the fact of his attendance at the chapel, and his favorite hymn, "How firm a foundation," etc., seemed peculiarly appropriate.

Dr. Newman of the First Congregational Church has gone on his annual three months' vacation to the Adirondacks. Professor Clark of Howard University supplies the pulpit for a portion of the time.

Rev. Mr. Fishburn of Mt. Pleasant has returned from a much-needed outing that his devoted people arranged for him.

Bishop Hoare of the Church of England in China amused a recent great gathering of friends of missions in Exeter Hall, London, by his description of his going fully armed in China. His armory consists of a Bible in one hand and an umbrella in the other.

## Hopes and Fears in China

By Rev. Arthur H. Smith, D. D.

### MISSION EXPANSION IN NORTH CHINA

After the relief of Peking a large part of the North China Mission of the American Board was obliged to return to the United States. At a time when almost as many were at home as on the ground, the views held in regard to the reopening of some of the stations by these separated groups were found to be diametrically opposed to one another. It is, therefore, a matter of more than usual interest that at the annual meeting of the Peking Mission, held last May and attended by fourteen gentlemen and sixteen ladies of the mission, it was voted with practical unanimity to ask for the complete reopening of all the former stations, including Kalgan and Lin Ching, and Tai Ku and Fen-chou-fu, formerly in the Shansi mission. As a staff for the reopened stations five married ordained missionaries are requested, four physicians and nine single ladies. For the re-enforcement of other stations two additional married ordained missionaries, one physician and four single ladies are also desired, or a total of twenty persons, an increase of about two-thirds the number now in the field. It is felt that the time has fully come for expansion, and it is necessary to make the calls early and with emphasis or they will be overlooked. What is "the outlook" in China? It is "as bright as the promises of God."

### ROMAN CATHOLIC PLOTTINGS

It is an ominous fact that there is strong evidence that the recent anti-indemnity risings in at least three Chinese provinces are due to the tyranny of the Roman Catholics, who are abusing their prestige to repay with compound interest the wrongs received two years ago. In this they are to a considerable extent backed up by the power of France. Bishop Favier, who defended the Cathedral in Peking during the siege, has been received in audience by the empress dowager, and he as well as the Bishop of Shangtung, who was the reputed author of the plan to seize Kiao Chou in reprisal for the murder of two priests in 1897, has received from the Chinese government the decoration of a button of the First Rank. The fact that Russia, with her unceasing encroachments on the north (treaties being in all cases merely verbal interludes), and the unscrupulous Gallic Republic on the south have pooled their issues in the Far East does not tend to produce confidence in a permanent peace in the Orient. Were the Chinese left in quiet, there might reasonably be expected to be a great movement toward Christianity in its best form, but no man, and no nation, is in the mood most favorable for religious impressions when he has a number of hornets in his back hair.

### ENLARGEMENT OF MISSION PLANTS

In material enlargement of mission plants there have been wonderful changes. The extensive compounds of the American Methodist Mission in Peking have been amplified two or perhaps threefold by buying everything adjacent until the city wall and alleys stopped further addition. The American Board compound in the same city is perhaps twice its former area and far better provided with entrance and exit. The grounds of the Tung Chou College have been altogether abandoned for a commodious site of fifty acres just outside the south city gate, where all the educational and evangelistic work can have a common center. In the two last mentioned places the late autumn is expected to see everything ready for use, but the buildings will be fewer than before, since the mission indemnity is not yet in sight.

A similar advantageous exchange and growth is to be seen both in the American Board and the American Presbyterian premises in Pao ting-fu, where the new locations

are almost ideal in roominess, healthfulness and accessibility. The various Protestant missions working in Tientsin and Peking have been stimulated to energetic efforts to co-operate in educational work on a new plan and to an extent never before deemed possible. Whether this scheme will be accepted by the home boards, and how well it will be found to work, we are not yet able to predict; but whatever comes of it, it is a long step in advance. It has demonstrated the essential unity of these missions as it has never before been shown.

### PROBLEMS OF EDUCATION

Much was made last autumn of the opening in the capital of Shangtung of a provincial college under Dr. W. H. Hayes, who was invited thither for the purpose by Yuan Shih-k'ai, the governor. After the promotion of the latter to Chihli, the new incumbent, acting "under orders from above," made stringent regulations in regard to the worship of the tablet to Confucius, which would have the effect to exclude Christian students and to force the resignation of the Christian professors and of Dr. Hayes. The gauntlet was thus openly thrown down and Dr. Hayes did not hesitate to take it up by appealing to the United States minister, Mr. Conger, who made strong representations to Prince Ch'ing, who merely referred the complaint to the governor of Shangtung for a report.

We are not at present concerned to defend the almost unanimous position of the Protestant missionaries upon the inadmissibility of the rites required to be paid to the tablets, nor yet to defend the strong position that the requirement of such "worship" is a violation of the text and the spirit of the treaty with the United States made in 1860, guaranteeing Chinese subjects liberty to adopt the Christian religion, the aim of which is explicitly characterized as "virtuous." What it is important to notice, however, is the evident Confucian hostility to Christianity in raising the matter prematurely and in the manifest repugnance to the presence of Christian students who should be free from obligations binding on all the rest. This the Chinese naturally dislike, just as they strongly objected to see foreigners standing hat in hand before the empress dowager on her return, while the highest officials in the empire were sprawling on their faces at the same moment.

### BACKING AND FILLING

There is no more liberal and "enlightened" official in the Chinese empire than Yuan Shih-k'ai, although, like all other Chinese, he is a prince of trimmers. He fully intended to found a Provincial Medical School, and had invited Dr. Peck, an American Board physician, to be at the head of it. But other thoroughgoing Confucian Chinese objected that this was giving "too much face" to the missionary and that the location was too near to the mission; it was therefore presently discovered that the "funds were insufficient" and the scheme is abandoned.

By a unique arrangement, made a year ago by Dr. Timothy Richard, who was put in charge of Protestant interests in Shansi, no indemnity was there exacted from the Chinese for the enormous mission losses; but the province was to provide a total sum of half a million taels for a provincial college, of which for the term of ten years Dr. Richard is to have the charge, though not presiding in person. He is at present in Tai Yuan Fu arranging this business with the president, Mr. Duncan, who reports that they are engaged in a struggle between medieval ideas and modern mental dynamite. But it is reported that it is the intention of the governor, "in accordance with the imperial decree," to establish an institution of his own,

the results of which it will be interesting to watch.

Almost none of the hopes of a year ago have been fulfilled. The court party is distinctly conservative and reformers are nowhere altogether safe. Should the reaction against payment of the foreign indemnities gain too great strength, foreign troops would cease to leave China, and it is even supposable that the work of two years would have to be done over again. What appears more probable, however, is the same opportunist policy as in the past. Our trust is not in man but in God, to whom prayer should unceasingly be made for a great empire adrift.

## Parsees and Christian Philanthropy

BY REV. JUSTIN E. ABBOTT, D. D., BOMBAY

It is a matter for gratitude that out of the India famine are coming results that are to work good to the land. Among such results may be mentioned the drawing together of those interested in philanthropic movements. The government of India and missionaries are much nearer in sympathy, and the philanthropic work of missions has from this source a support greater than it ever before enjoyed. The government feels that it owes a debt of gratitude to missionaries and to those in the home land who support their work.

Moreover, a closer bond between Parsees and Christians in philanthropic work is to be especially noticed. Some years ago Sir Manekji Dinshaw Petit gave so generously to our industrial schools at Ahmednagar and Sirur that those institutions are named after him. Our famine work has, however, brought a larger circle of benevolent Parsees into sympathy with us. When Rev. and Mrs. E. S. Hume of Bombay began to receive famine children by the hundreds it was a serious question how to house them. Their missionary work was in danger of being checked for lack of accommodation, when Mr. W. M. Wadia, a millionaire of Bombay, placed at Mr. Hume's disposal, free of rent, a large building at Parel, a near suburb of Bombay, which has handsomely accommodated 300 and more boys. Nor has his interest ceased with this gift. He frequently visits them, and sends such gifts as add to the children's happiness.

Another instance of this kindly feeling and good intentions is in connection with Miss Millard's school for the blind famine children. This school has especially touched the sympathies of the Parsees. Several of our Parsee millionaires have personally visited the school and have sent generous checks. A Hindu lawyer has supplied the school with much of its furniture and made liberal gifts of clothing. This is the only institution for the blind in Western India, and philanthropy could find no better field than that of giving the blind children of India the opportunities for knowledge found in the institutions of the West.

This friendly interest and co-operation mark the beginning of a new era in our work. As yet the result of this sympathy affects but a few institutions, and in the aggregate the amounts received are not large according to the needs of our work, but it may well be hoped that more and more help may come from local non-Christian sources.

Those in America who have given and are giving for the support of our 3,300 famine children may have this added satisfaction of knowing that out of their efforts to care for India's helpless ones are coming results with far-reaching possibilities.

Mrs. Eddy has disciples in the Philippines. "The mind cure" is practiced each Sunday morning at the Cuartel de Espana, Manila. See the notices of church services in the *Manila Times*.



## Summer Work at Watering Places

With July days comes the time referred to by Bishop Lawrence of Massachusetts at a recent convention. "When our city churches have emptied themselves upon the beaches," he said, "shall we agree to take a vacation from institutional religion, or shall we try in helpful and natural ways to follow up the people with religious influences?" The strong tendency of the Episcopal Church to "follow them up" may be at once seen by a survey of the watering places in New England and a count of the Episcopal houses of worship open every Sunday in these places. Recent events which emphasize this were the consecration of a \$40,000 church at Nantucket, a memorial gift from a Boston family; the building of a summer chapel at Beverly Farms by subscription among the summer residents; the change in oversight of the summer services at Hawthorne Inn, Gloucester, from the hands of the nearest Episcopal parish to the bishop himself; and the building of a steam yacht for Bishop Codman of Maine, which, while serving largely as a means of pleasure, will, nevertheless, prove of no little service in providing easy communication among the many seaport parishes and chapels where visitors gather.

The fact that "religious ties"—at least the sectarian ones—are somewhat broken at the summer places has made possible so notable a success as the summer chapel at Nahant. Even seventy-one years ago the summer residents built a chapel and appointed a committee and trustees to maintain non-sectarian services during the summer months. At the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of this church a movement was put afoot which resulted in the present new structure, in which Dr. Donald of Trinity Church, Boston, conducted the first service of the season the last Sunday in the recent month of June. The list of supplies for the season represents several denominations, and among the Congregationalists are Rev. H. P. Dewey, D. D., of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, and Pres. W. D. Hyde, D. D., of Bowdoin College. Even in the old days, when narrower lines were drawn as sectarian limits than are today recognized, this organization was successful, and leading Unitarian, Episcopal and Congregational ministers alternately occupied the pulpit.

Conducted on similar lines is the new chapel at Hull, first occupied last Sunday. The building was the gift of Rev. George Francis Weld of Hingham and it will be supported mainly by the Episcopalian summer residents. But the donor desires "that the chapel shall always serve the whole community in which it is placed and to be open to all Christian worship." This is stipulated in the act of incorporation. There has long been a desire at Nantasket Beach for such a place. Summer residents bought the land for a site and a regular rector has been appointed by Bishop Lawrence, but whether the new chapel will remain open during the winter season has not yet been settled. The building is located near Bayside station, Allerton.

Inquiries have been made in person or by letter in each of the six Episcopal dioceses of the six New England states. Massachusetts is the only one of those reporting at all which has any new plan for reaching the summer guests. This is the plan in regard to Hawthorne Inn Chapel, already mentioned, which relieves the Gloucester pastor of the responsibility of superintendence.

As a general rule the demand for a service first comes from the locality. This may be addressed to the archdeacon of the district, or to the nearest regular rector. The bishop or diocesan board may be asked to furnish a lay reader or a rector for occasional services. If there is any probability of a permanent parish, the missionary board will sometimes help. Usually summer chapels pay their own expenses, and churches at summer resorts are greatly helped by their summer attendants,

sometimes even to the extent of the major part of the year's expenses. The rector of a parish where there gathers every year a summer colony takes his vacation early or late and is "on the spot" all summer.

Perhaps the elasticity of the Episcopal service tends to make its summer use popular. Certain it is that some of these Episcopal chapels—in congregations at least—are virtually "union." There may be but one or several services in the day to accommodate everybody. The usual order is an early communion on certain days, a regular morning service with sermon and an afternoon or evening service without the address.

The present flourishing Episcopal church at Cohasset started as a summer chapel. A similar service now being held at Hyannisport may result in a permanent church at Hyannis. There are two parishes at Martha's Vineyard and a summer chapel at Vineyard Haven. Beverly Farms has the new chapel already referred to as built by subscription. About thirty-five Massachusetts towns having Episcopal worship are affected by summer visitors. Nine of these are summer chapels; these are at Beverly Farms, Cottage City, Manchester, Marion, Mattapoisett, Point Allerton, Gloucester, Hyannis and Washington. In 1901 about one-twentieth of the confirmations in the state were from these thirty-five towns, which include about the same portion of all the communicants, those connected with a chapel or mission being reported with the nearest regular parish. One summer resort parish reported for 1901, that only \$821 out of a yearly expenditure of \$4,824 were paid by the actual townspeople. At this time the parish paid \$529 for the support of a chapel in the summer colony.

Connecticut has only five summer chapels and no regular parishes materially affected by vacation seekers. No special effort is made to reach them, except by the archdeacon of Litchfield, who is active in providing chapel supplies at Norfolk.

Among the summer chapels of New Hampshire, St. Andrews-by-the-Sea, at Rye Beach, is prominent and is Episcopalian. There are ten of these Episcopal summer chapels in the Granite State and several parishes also have many summer attendants and are materially helped by them. The services are supported by the people who attend them, who in many instances give considerable sums toward the missionary work of the diocese. Occasional services are held in hotels and cottages. Prominent summer chapels are at Bethlehem, Sugar Hill, Lake Sunapee, Dublin and Jefferson.

The old abandoned church of Gosnold, Isles of Shoals (on Oceanic Island), has been used as a union chapel for summer services, but has now passed into the control of the American Unitarian Association, which supplies preachers during the season and will make repairs to the structure.

Among the Maine parishes which Bishop Codman may visit on his yacht are: Bar Harbor, Calais, Camden, Hull's Cove, North East Harbor and Seal Harbor. There are thirteen summer chapels besides, which include Castine, Islesboro, Old Orchard, Macmahans Island, Orr's Island, Sorrento, York Harbor and Winter Harbor, all of which are on the coast. One church—at Winn—itsself of only forty communicants, carries on five missions or chapels.

Vermont has one regular chapel open during July, August and September. Five parishes, including Newport and Woodstock, have regular parishes and summer visitors in great numbers, while occasional services are held at points on Lake Champlain and Lake Dunmore, where visitors assemble. F. W. D.

All love is at the expense of love and calls for heroes.—Mary E. Wilkins.

## Closet and Altar

GOD THE FOUNTAIN

*All my fountains are in Thee.*

The fact is no less than this, that the springs of our life and power lie outside of ourselves in Christ, are independent of the changes in our personal condition, and furnish us with a joy and a strength which it is out of our power to understand or account for, save as we know that his infinitude is under our finitude, that we are rooted in the Eternal Sun.—W. Robertson Nicoll.

Give thy whole self to Him and He gives his whole self to thee. You do not need to take your pitcher and go draw in some external well. You have Jesus in your heart, a fountain springing up to everlasting life.—F. B. Meyer.

They are dearer to God that seek something from Him than they that seek to bring something to Him.—John Evangelist Gossner.

What the world really needs is men who have news from the land of the ideal, who have God's life within them, who open afresh the springs of living water that quench the thirst of the soul.—J. Brierley.

As torrents in summer,  
Half dried in their channels,  
Suddenly rise, though the  
Sky is still cloudless,  
For rain has been falling  
Far off at their fountains.

So hearts that are fainting  
Grow full to o'erflowing,  
And they that behold it  
Marvel, and know not  
That God at their fountains  
Far off has been raining.

—H. W. Longfellow.

There is a fullness of the Spirit in Christ; and it is not like the fullness of a vessel, which only retains what is poured into it; but it is the fullness of a fountain, for diffusion and communication; which is always sending forth its water and yet is always full.—Thomas Boston.

The thirsty soul—the springs of God—the word that cries, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come!"—these are the three points of divine theology for men.

God feeds the fountains. Spring of all streams of good, light of all the glory and beauty of the earth, from him our blessings come and there is no exhaustion of his power to aid. As the Israelite looked with joyful expectation to the holy city, crying, "All my springs are in thee," so with more reason and a deeper joy we cry to God, "Thou art the fountain of light! in thy light shall we see light."

O Lord, with whom is the Fountain of Life, give us all, we entreat Thee, grace and good will to follow the leadings of Thy most Holy Spirit. Let the dew of Thy grace descend and abide upon us, refreshing that which droops, reviving that which is ready to perish; until the day when all Thy faithful people shall drink of the river of Thy pleasures. Amen.

## Our Readers' Forum

*This department is intended to be a clearing house for opinion on all topics of general importance. To that end, brief voluntary contributions are invited in the hope that all sides of debatable questions will be freely and fairly discussed. In selecting these open letters for publication, the editors will endeavor to choose such as will interest and profit the readers of the paper.*

### What Constitutes a Call to the Ministry

Probably conscientious young men—and women—are sometimes puzzled to know how God calls his servants whom he desires for the work of the ministry. They hear it said that no man should enter that calling who is not conscious of a divine call, yet no one tells them how that call comes, or just how it is to be recognized when it does come. In many cases, probably, an inclination to the ministry is taken as a divine intimation of a call. Sometimes it is in this way that the will of God is revealed. But we cannot believe that that is always the case. For sometimes men have an inclination to the ministry who have no fitness, either intellectual or moral, for its duties. Every one who has gone through a seminary can recall men who had inclination enough for the ministry, who were doomed to failure in that calling for lack of the commonest qualifications.

Reason seems to suggest that the divine intimation comes to men in his providence, and in a threefold form: 1. Ability. 2. Inclination. 3. Opportunity.

It seems certain that God never calls any man to do anything that he has no ability to do. Some fitness for the work is the first requisite of a divine call to that work. For instance, no man is called to be a public speaker who has not a voice that can be heard, or who can not pronounce words so they can be understood.

It seems certain that if God wants a man to do any particular kind of work, he will give him an inclination to it. Many men doing excellent work in the ministry had no inclination to that work in their youth, but there came a time when the inclination sprang up, or they would never have entered it. Opportunity is also necessary in order that any man may do any work. Many have entered the ministry and been successful in it who had meager opportunity of preparing themselves for its duties. But if God wants a man to do a certain kind of work, he will open some opportunity for him to get into it. If there is no opportunity that he can find or make let him be content. He has not been called.

S. W. M.

### Why Young Men Shrink from the Ministry

We are now in a period of transition in theological thought. The young man who goes to college from a Christian home where he has been instructed in the theology of the last generation considers himself a heretic when he graduates. While he may think that it would be an inspiring work to teach the young people at home some of the broader and grander conceptions of the Bible, he shrinks from preaching to intolerant deacons and prejudiced women.

The smaller churches both East and West are paying salaries inadequate for the support of a minister who has a family. Unless there is a change in this respect the time may come when the Protestant home missionary, like his Catholic brother, must adopt celibacy. These conditions are unnecessary. All sections of the country are prosperous. There is no reason why the country minister should not receive a living salary. At least, he is entitled to as much as the carpenter or mason in a prosperous community.

Not long ago a letter found its way from a church clerk in New England to a Dakota town. A few extracts will throw some light

upon the demands of small churches. The letter was in regard to the fitness of a young man for a church whose total expense, according to the 1902 Year-Book, was \$189. The candidate was a young man who had exceptionally good literary ability, a graduate of a good New England college and a Commencement speaker in one of the best theological seminaries.

"Will you tell us," writes this clerk, "if there are any 'outs' about him; if there is any reason why he cannot do good work in a small church that needs a rebuilding and with few to help him, and if you think he would do such work well, as well as be a good preacher and pastor for a mixed congregation?"

Hundreds of small churches are searching for men to perform impossibilities. These need to be reminded that some of the ablest pastors of today once failed to meet the requirements of a small church. The remedy lies with the churches. They must become more tolerant of the conclusions of sound scholarship which the young pastor brings to them. They must be more considerate of the pastor's limitations. They should encourage and assist him instead of criticising him unkindly. The young minister is often made or ruined by his first parish. The churches must adopt practical business methods in regard to salaries, giving increase when their means will allow. They should try to make the life of the minister's wife so happy that she will train her sons to follow in the calling of their father.

Hope, N. D.

H. GILPATRICK.

### The Significance of Infant Baptism

In Our Readers' Forum of July 5, you correctly say that the practice of infant baptism is not uniform now. This must be owing to incorrect views of the rite. It seems to me that the following brief statement ought to do something for uniformity: Christian parents consecrate their little child to God, promise to train it up for him and obtain precious promises in its behalf. Having thus entered into this covenant with God, they make it known to their pastor and ask him, for the sake of adding to the sacredness of the transaction and to their sense of responsibility, to solemnize and publish it by administering the baptismal symbol to it. Where this preceding work has not been done in faith and sincerity, the baptism cannot be a true one and as such an empty form cannot properly be administered. The baptism of children without reference to the Christian character of their parents as its essential to validity, which has its advocates, makes it a talismanic rite, of itself spiritually efficacious; whereas it, in every case, is merely a symbol and of use only so far as it expresses the faith and fidelity of the parents. Can they consecrate others who do not first consecrate themselves? Can those refusing or neglecting to receive baptism themselves give it to their children?

M. PATTEN.

### Paul's Reference to Adam

Since higher criticism has definitely proclaimed that there was no Adam, and that the reputed transactions in the reputed garden are all myth, will you tell many long-time readers of your paper what to do with Rom. 5: 12-21?

H. L. READE.

A sufficient answer to this question is found in the following letter which *Zion's Herald*

says was written by one of the leading ministers of the Methodist Episcopal Church:

*In re Adam's case the following facts should be noticed: (1) The Old Testament builds nothing on the concrete picture of Adam as given in Genesis. The story is told and thereafter Adam does not figure at all. (2) Christ is not known to have ever mentioned the name of Adam. It is hardly credible, if the story stood in any vital relation to the gospel, that our Lord would have overlooked it. (3) Paul's argument would not seem to depend on any concrete literalism, but merely requires the supposition of a first man who made a bad beginning; and this serves by way of contrast to bring out the work of Christ who in the fullest sense made a good beginning and thus inaugurated a new heredity and new kingdom. I should think it in the highest degree risky to make Christianity responsible with its life for the literal historicity of the story under these circumstances.*

### Another Testimony to Bushnell

It was my good fortune to read Vicarious Sacrifice when I was fifteen years old; The Moral Uses of Dark Things at the age of seventeen; Nature and the Supernatural at twenty-two, and Forgiveness and Law at twenty-four, directly after my ordination. Each in its turn laid hold on my heart and brain with a strange, tumultuous power, unlike anything else that I have ever read. I feel the throbbing still, and shall feel it till I die. Bushnell taught me that the way to get rid of doubt is to seek and find a greater faith.

MILAN C. AYRES,  
Editor Boston Advertiser.

### An Inexpensive Outing

For our summer outing we found what we wanted on the Talcott Range, some four hundred feet above sea level, from which we could see the Connecticut Valley from Middletown to Springfield. My office is reached on my wheel in twenty minutes. The evening return takes more time because it is partly a climb, but the wheel carries me four-fifths of the way.

As to the cost, a one-room cabin, 12 x 16, for myself and three boys succeeded a tent. Two little girls and their mother came the next year, so a small cookroom, 7 x 8, was built, which, with cupboards, oil stove, and such paraphernalia, proved amply large for seven persons. A bedroom, 12 x 14, with rustic porch, followed (the boys and myself using the tent at night). We go thither each season when the children's school year ends, remaining for two months. The total expense of buildings, including a small, rough-boarded barn, did not exceed \$60, and the yearly expense is perhaps \$5 to \$10 for seven persons. Build your cabin of cheap hemlock, spruce or yellow pine, planed one side only, and matched. Build with the rough side out. You will like its appearance better and you will have a smooth surface inside. Cover the roof with two or three-ply tar roofing paper, well secured with tin caps and nails. With a plain pine table, a few old chairs or camp canvas seats and three or four cots, which will cost perhaps \$1.25 each, you can live like a prince.

Don't think your sport is over with August. There are days in September and October when the cloud shadows make beautiful tracery over the landscape—when nooks in the rocks are warm with the afternoon sun. Try it and see.

Tariffville, Ct. CHARLES B. HOLCOMB.



## The Home and Its Outlook

### The Country Faith

Here in the country's heart  
Where the grass is green,  
Life is the same sweet life  
As it e'er hath been.

Trust in a God still lives,  
And the bell at morn  
Floats with a thought of God  
O'er the rising corn.

God comes down in the rain,  
And the crop grows tall—  
This is the country faith,  
And the best of all!

—Norman Gale.

### A Robin's Egg

Only think of it—love and song,  
The passionate joy of the summer long,  
Matins and vespers, ah! how sweet,  
A nest to be in the village street,  
A red breast flashing in happy flight,  
Life's full ecstasy and delight  
Thrilling God's minstrel through and through,  
All of them packed in this egg so blue!

Would you believe it, holding dumb  
Lime and pigment 'twixt finger and thumb?  
Would you think there was love within  
Walls so brittle and cold and thin?  
Such a song as you heard last night,  
Thrilling the grove in the sunset light!

Out of the casket in which we dwell  
What may issue?—can you foretell?  
Can you say, when you find outspread  
Bits of our eggshell, we are dead?  
Can you think, if this shell be crushed,  
All that was in it is cold and hushed?  
Look once more at this bit of blue—  
Has it no message of hope for you?

—James Buckham.

**A Slavery of Gifts** Mrs. Culbertson was puzzling over her accounts. "I can't see how I have spent so much more money than usual this year," she said to her husband. "O, that's plain enough," was the reply; "you've spent it in gifts." "But I don't see how." "Well, let's reckon it up," said Mr. Culbertson, checking it off on his fingers—an irritating way he had. "Six weddings in May and June." "But I must give wedding presents to my friends." "Of course you must, my dear. I wasn't admonishing; I was only enumerating. They averaged about ten dollars apiece—that's sixty dollars. Ten *bon voyages*—there were at least ten who went abroad—that's four dollars apiece—forty. Then Milly was graduated, and you knew all her classmates and her cousins besides—graduation presents about thirty dollars." "And you haven't said a word about Easter or birthday gifts." "Of course! put them down at twenty more—that's one hundred and fifty dollars; and that does not count the gold, silver, china and crystal weddings." "Dear, dear! No wonder I feel poor! What shall I do?" "O, nothing. For what do we exist but to make business for the retail trade? Of course it's all humbug!"—"No, no; not all. I like to give, and I enjoyed some of these gifts more than I can tell." "How many?" "Well, to be honest, perhaps ten or a dozen." "And the rest?" "Were mere

slavery to the foolishness of fashion, dear." So much for home dialogue; it remains for the editor to ask how long American women are going to submit to a slavery to fashion which makes all their gifts perfunctory by robbing them of the personal element which is the heart and joy of the real gift from friend to friend.

**Vacation Quiet** The social life is the life for the soul's growth—but not in a busy woman's vacation. Then she needs to remember and act upon the advice of the poet: "By all means take some time to be alone." For the chief use of vacation with busy folks is to get them out of the whirl in which they are compelled to work. The mere transfer to another whirl can never be enough, however pleasant the thrill of variety may be. Thinking comes in solitude, and what most of us need and can seldom provide for is opportunity to think. We are so taken up with our surface thoughts—which we call practical—that the deeper thoughts by which things fall into their right proportion and relation often fail us altogether. "I can never think but once a year," said a busy woman, "and that is when I bury myself in the country for a few days away from my dearest friends." Few of us can so utterly cut the bonds which tie us to humanity, but we can refuse the more exciting occupations of our summer resting place and study frequent hours of solitude. A book is an excuse. You want to read it and to read it out of doors, and so you shake off noisy company. What matter if the reading comes to nothing, if you secure the quiet time in which the soul may find itself? Even books may be intruders, but their advantage is that they can never take your time unless you ask them. Self-poise is only to be won by shunning the social demands which drain your nervous energy. You go for strength, and strength comes best in solitude.

### The Boys' Rainy Day

BY LUCY WARD BEACH

The rain came down with a steady pour, and it was Saturday. Mrs. Carey stood by the window watching the retreating form of her husband under his dripping umbrella, and wondering which were the easier, to go out and battle with the elements or be shut in all day with two lively little boys having sore throats.

Overhead there was the sound of scuffling. The chandelier rattled. Something came heavily to the floor with a jarring thud. It was a foretaste of what the day held, and Mrs. Carey sighed.

She had not reached the top of the stairs when the doorbell rang. Then Mary, the housemaid, called, "It's five boys to see you, Master Raymond."

Mrs. Carey gasped. "O, Raymond!" she began in protest, but two small figures had already slipped past her with a tumultuous greeting for the group below.

"We knew Raymond could think of

something to do," explained one of them, as they all tramped upstairs together.

It was not long before the seven fertile brains had hit on a congenial occupation, and Raymond came with a request: "May we get that pile of old pasteboard boxes in the attic, mother, and make battleships?"

Mrs. Carey had already discovered that broken and coverless boxes were of great potential value to small boys, and those which would no longer serve her purposes were reserved for them. She was not surprised that today these boxes, with a cupful of paste and strips of white muslin, could equip a navy yard.

As she sat with her sewing in the adjoining room, she watched with curiosity and interest the fashioning of the fleet. Strips of cardboard, curving outward at the center, made the keels, which were pasted on shaped bottoms. Decks of varying widths were fastened on the upper edges. Turrets and smokestacks were added as desired. A trip to the cellar resulted in a supply of masts and cannon from the pile of kindling wood. And thus transports and torpedo boats, cruisers and battleships of generous proportions grew in fascinating numbers. Her boys were the happy possessors of a great box of pine blocks, as large as bricks, and these came into use for building docks and fortified harbors, while long-forgotten paper soldiers and sailors were dragged from retirement and revived from their unnatural slumbers to man the fleet.

Five lads stole away at noon for luncheon and returned as quietly for the afternoon, and all day the play held them spellbound. Such a happy turning of boyish energy from destructive into constructive channels, mused the mother.

Meanwhile, it was a day of opportunity for her. She could so seldom watch her boys with their friends. Marbles or "hocky" or football took them where she could not follow, and in their games with her at home they were in a different atmosphere. But here they practically forgot her and were their every day, boyish selves. She noticed which boy visitor was well-bred and which one was selfish. She made note of expressions to be commented on later. She observed, too, and with delight, that her children were often more patient under provocation, more generous in dividing up the spoils, and more cheerful when things went wrong than she had supposed possible to boy nature.

In spite of the forebodings of the morning, and the fact that there was a litter on the floor, paste on the carpet and an embarrassingly large navy to be taken care of—it had been a "lovely day," as the boy visitors pronounced it when they said good by.

The clouds ye so much dread  
Are big with mercies,

thought Mrs. Carey, with a little laugh, as a shaft of sunset gold glistened on the wet leaves.

If one fight for good behavior, God makes one a present of the good feelings.  
—Juliana H. Ewing.

## Our Second Prize Children's Story

### The Club's Baby

BY JESSIE WRIGHT WHITCOMB

The twins were having their first attack of cave-digging fever. Their pasture was the finest place in the neighborhood for digging a cave, because of a slight elevation, an abandoned railroad bed running through it. All the boys who knew John and were cave diggers agreed to have the cave in his pasture.

Then came the hitch.

John said Jean had to be "in it" also. She wanted to dig a cave, and being twins they had always done things together. The boys said that girls should not dig caves; that if Jean came in, her friends, sisters to some of them, would insist on joining also; that they would all be in the way, and would not dig, and so on. But John was adamant. If Jean wanted to dig a cave with him, dig she should.

The war waged for two days. Jean's girl friends became aroused. As predicted, they insisted on digging.

Jean was of a peaceful disposition and fruitful in expedients. After surveying the spot chosen for a cave, and a lengthy though wholly amicable discussion with John, she evolved a plan: The boys should form the Boys' Cave Club and should dig their cave at the chosen spot in the embankment, facing west. The girls should form the Girls' Cave Club and dig their cave on the other side of the embankment, facing east, and at the same place. If they all dug through into one big cave, so much the better.

After the two days' strain the plan was received by all parties with enthusiasm. The boys dug before school, after school and between sessions. The girls dug for an hour, and with the exception of Jean and Elizabeth made little progress and became disgusted with life. The ground was a sort of gumbo and very hard. Grumbling began, and that the boys might not hear them they retired to the apple tree playhouse.

"My hands are all blisters."

"Well, I just hate digging!"

"If it wasn't for those disgusting boys, I'd never go near the old thing again!"

"What's a cave, anyway?"

It was plain that the love of cave-digging was not deeply imbedded in their souls.

"Still," said Jean, "if we could beat the boys, after all they said, and have ours done first, and the best and biggest, it would be worth a farm."

"That's so, but we can't."

"You tell a way to do it, Jean," coaxed

the girls. And by the next day Jean did "tell a way."

The plan was received with suppressed exclamations of surprise and triumph, and they did not dig that day.

"Aren't you going to dig any more?" grinned the oldest boy.

"Our work is going to be done before breakfast after this," was the reply.

"Ho! That's a good one," giggled the boy.

That evening the Girls' Club went in a body to the little house by the creek, where Jim lived. They all knew Jim as a rather shiftless fellow who did "day's works" for people, and earned a very inadequate living for his family. His wife was an over-tired young thing, trying vainly to make both ends meet and to take care of her three noisy little boys and her one little girl baby. The baby

fun out of it. Will you, Jim? It's all we can pay," as Jim did not answer.

"Jim, you say yes this minute," spoke up his wife with some show of spirit. "I'd be proud to have Lorelly have such nice friends. Just proud."

"Deed, and I'll do it," said Jim, heartily. "I'd rather Lorelly'd have nice friends like you little girls than any pay I could think of. I'll dig tomorrow."

When the boys went around to their cave the next morning before school they could scarcely believe their eyes. The girls' cave was excavated much more deeply and accurately than their own.

"Well, they can dig!" ejaculated one boy.

"My, I wish we'd let 'em dig ours," sighed a lazy boy.

"O you!" laughed John, "you're the one that talked loudest against them.

Our cave would have been about done with all that extra digging on it."

"It's queer how much they've improved in digging since they began," said the oldest boy, suspiciously. "Now that's shipshape."

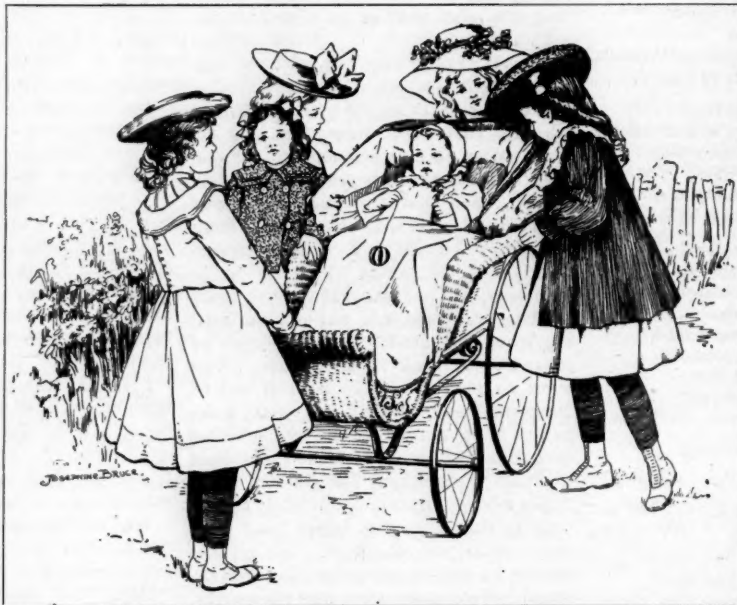
"O, Jean can do anything," remarked John, placidly.

The twins had no secrets from each other, but John, the most loyal boy in the world, was not likely to tell what he knew on that subject.

Jim dug so well that in three mornings the cave was beautifully finished—flat floor, square, even sides, and with all the excavated earth banked up to make the sides higher.

That was the extent of Jim's contract, but when he went home from a job of work the afternoon of the third day and saw Lorella delightfully happy, with Jean and some of the other little girls playing with her, he was seized with a desire to add a few extra touches to show his appreciation, for Lorella was a different looking baby. She was as sweet and clean and curled as a baby could be, and she was chattering to a fascinating little pair of red shoes and stockings on her little feet; and the clean white slip she wore was a present. She was sitting enthroned in a very respectable baby carriage, a relic of the twin's babyhood, bestowed by their mother; and in the carriage was a linen scrap-book full of bright pictures, while a colored ball dangled by a string within reach.

"I vum and I snum!" muttered Jim, and he gazed in admiration. The poor little mother, still with a dish towel in her hand, stood in the doorway radiant with pride. Lorella was making up to her mother just then for years of weary days and nights.



Lorella was a different looking baby

was a good little thing, a year old, and received about as little attention as a baby could. Jim was fond of all his children, but little Lorella was the light of his life.

"Jim," said Jean, "we want you to do something for us."

"Well, now," laughed Jim, good-naturedly, "who'd 'a' thought it."

"It's work, Jim."

"I need pay when I work," said Jim.

"Well, we want to pay."

Jim was holding Lorella as he sat on the step, and Jim's wife, dish towel in hand, was looking out the door.

"What's the work?"

"We want you in the mornings, early, before those horrid boys are up, to dig our cave for us—all nice—and better than the boys can dig."

"And how much will you pay?" drawled Jim, his eyes twinkling.

"We'll pay this for a year, beginning now. We'll be godmothers, not fairy ones, but like that, to your little girl. We'll see that she has all the playthings she needs, and we will each give her a present to show we love her, and we will come to see her, and she will have lots of



"What you girls going to do now with your cave?" demanded some of the boys rather jealously that night.

"O, you'll see," was the noncommittal rejoinder, though what was to be seen they did not know. Their own surprise was acute the next morning to find that their cave had a roof made from light saplings and thatch, and that a low, substantial bench of a primitive type ran around three sides of their cave; the fourth side was open to the east. Jean, too delighted for words, ran for her own little play table, and that, placed in the middle with a pitcher of wild flowers on

it, gave such a festive air to the scene that the girls squealed with joy.

A delegation of boys came up armed with their picks and shovels, and when they saw this complete creation in the line of caves, a consummation, so far as known never heretofore reached by cave diggers in any part of the town, they stood aghast. "Well, we were the biggest geese not to let those girls dig ours," was the regretful remark of the lazy boy, and assenting sighs followed from the others.

"Say, how'd you girls do it so quick?" urged the oldest boy.

"O—just smartness," answered Jean.

That cave proved to be a delightful retreat on many a hot afternoon, and many a little bib and apron and doll dress were sewed there for Lorella. The little godmothers' interest in Lorella was steadfast and kindly. Lorella learned many a pretty way and saying from her little friends. Lorella's mother found courage for numerous improvements in her household methods because of Lorella's prosperity, and Jim said, "That cave and them smart little girls is the finest combination for me and Lorelly we ever did strike!"

## One of Thirteen\*

By Frances J. Delano

### CHAPTER V. A TOOTH FOR A TOOTH

A peculiar feeling existed between Polly and the youngest member of the family. Long ago, when Millie was a tiny baby and the younger children were playing out on the veranda, Mrs. State had called Polly into the house and told her to rock Millie's cradle. "You rock the baby to sleep," said the little mother, "and you shall have her for yours." There was nothing in the world that Polly loved so much as a baby, and, child-like, she took her mother at her word and gazed down into the baby's face with speechless delight.

Mrs. State had no thought that Polly would take her careless remark so seriously, but from that moment Polly regarded Millie as her own especial property. She rocked her to sleep, and she did a great many other things for her. The baby was her first thought in the morning and her last care at night. Gradually the rest of the children grew to think that Polly had the right of way with Millie, and the child herself, as soon as she was old enough to realize anything, almost lived in Polly's smiles. When she was ill or in trouble she went to Polly for consolation, and she never failed to receive all and a little more than was good for her. The two roomed together and sat beside each other at table (when Polly sat at the table); Millie's food was cut up by Polly and her clothes were planned and partly made by Polly. In short, Millie was adopted by Polly and no one ever thought of disputing her claim.

One night, late in April, Millie had the toothache. The pain was severe, and Polly spent most of the night trotting from the bed to the kitchen pantry after remedies. Nothing seemed to ease it, however, until towards morning, when it was time for Polly to get up, the child fell sound asleep on a hop pillow. As she didn't appear at the usual time the family inquired for her.

"She's asleep," explained Polly. "The poor child cried with the toothache all night."

"Why didn't you put something into it?" asked Aunt Patience in a rather severe tone.

"I did," replied Polly, meekly. "I put salt in it and then"—

"Salt!" sniffed Aunt Patience, "might just as well put in so much cold water."

"Salt has helped it several times," said Polly, "but it didn't seem to do any good this time."

"Why didn't you try a good mustard paste, that would have amounted to something?"

"I did," said Polly, "but I tried pain-killer and golden seal first, and then I tried the mustard. I thought of course the mustard would help it. I put a poultice on the inside and bound one on the outside. I'd just settled down and a delicious drowsiness was stealing over me when Millie sprang halfway out of bed—the tooth had begun to jump."

Most of the family were gathered in the kitchen now, listening to Polly's remarks. "What time was it then?" asked Mrs. State.

"About twelve, I think," answered Polly.

"Why didn't I hear you, I wonder."

"O, that's just what Millie and I tried to avoid. The poor child cried just as softly as she could, considering the violence of the pain, and I came downstairs barefooted so you wouldn't hear me, and now you speak as though it was a pity you didn't hear us. What an unappreciative little mother!"

"I hope you and Millie had some part of the night for sleeping," said Mr. State, admiring the dexterous movements of Polly's hands as she stood by the table skimming pans of milk.

"After Millie's tooth began to jump," replied Polly, smiling, "I made up my mind to spend the rest of the night on the wing. I came down here and made up a fire"—

"Polly State, and you didn't call me!" exclaimed Mrs. State.

"I just about killed myself keeping quiet"—

"You must have," remarked Aunt Patience, dryly, whereupon the twins tittered.

"Well," laughed Polly, who was bound to enjoy a joke whether it was upon herself or upon some one else, "I got the fire started and went out in the barn to get some onions"—

"Go out barefooted?" asked Joe.

Polly nodded, looking sideways at her mother. "I put the onions on the coals, and then climbed up in the top of the pantry shelves hunting for creosote. I knocked over three bottles and the vinegar jug—thought of course I'd waked the whole house and barn. I found the creosote, anyway, and while the onions were

roasting I put some into Millie's tooth. I had a great time getting it in without taking all the skin off the inside of her mouth—think I did, anyway, but the poor child was in so much pain she didn't know it. I made a poultice of the onions, chopped them up and peppered and salted them and bound them on and sat side of the poor baby till I thought she was asleep."

"O Polly!" cried Jack, "you don't mean to say"—

"Yes, I do," said Polly, "that tooth actually had the face to ache after an onion poultice! I tried hops next, sewed 'em up in a bag—thought I'd never find a needle. I wet the hops with alcohol and bound it on. Millie went to sleep then; guess she was worn out. When she wakes up that tooth'll be aching, you see."

"What time was it then?" asked Ethel.

"I don't know. I heard father getting up to make the fire. About five, wasn't it, father?"

"Just about," said Mr. State, "lucky it's Saturday today. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do when Millie wakes up; we'll take her to the dentist. We can't have her nerves worn out this way, and we can't have you broken of your rest, Polly."

Polly looked sober. "But Millie's frightened to pieces when you mention dentist," she pleaded; "it seems like a nightmare."

"Well, she must have the tooth out," Mr. State spoke very decidedly.

"We can wait till afternoon, can't we, father, before we say anything to her about it? Let her have the morning to rest in. Perhaps she'll sleep till then, anyway, if everybody'll be still."

"Guess we can all keep still if you can," remarked Aunt Patience, grimly.

Polly lifted her eyebrows, pretending to be much surprised, but she promised to keep still and she kept her word so well that Millie slept until nearly noon. When she awakened Polly made her some gruel, and while she was eating it a visit to the dentist was proposed.

"Father says we can have old Sorrel and drive over to the city together," said Polly. "We'll go into Stacey's and buy some toys." Millie's eyes at once filled with smiles. "But first, you know, we must go to the dentist's and have that old tooth out." The smiles fled quickly

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now and a frightened look came into the great eyes. "But it won't hurt much, dear," explained Polly, "and we'll go right into Stacey's afterwards and have such a lovely time!"

But Millie wouldn't be comforted. She began to cry and beg Polly not to take her. "I don't want to go! I don't want to go!" she kept sobbing.

Poor Polly was in distress and couldn't think what to say next. But all at once she had an inspiration. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Millie," she cried. There was such a note of exultation in her voice that Millie stopped crying at once. "We'll each have a tooth out! I'll have mine out first and then you can have yours out, and we'll see which one gets hurt the least. I'd just as soon have one out as not."

Millie gazed at Polly in astonishment for a minute or two and then the distress in her face and voice fled. This bit of fellowship was all that Millie needed to take away the fear of the dentist. If Polly didn't care, why, she guessed she didn't, and so she allowed Polly to get her ready with great serenity.

"Let's don't say a word about it," said Polly, with wise forethought. "We'll surprise the family when we get home by showing them two teeth instead of one."

When the family sat down to dinner Mr. State inquired for Milly.

"I gave her her dinner a few minutes ago," said Polly. "She's out on the back veranda now with Bruno."

"Have you succeeded in convincing her that she must go to the dentist's this afternoon?"

"O, yes! She isn't exactly counting up the minutes till she gets into Dr. Keen's office, but I guess we'll get there all right. I promised to take her into Stacey's after the affair is all over. She likes to drive with old Sorrel, too. O, we'll come home in great glee, won't we, Millie?" she asked as the child came into the room.

"Let me go too, won't you?" asked Jack, winking slyly at Polly.

"No," said Polly, decidedly. "Millie and I are to have this social function all for our very own. You can harness the horse while I change my dress. We want to start at once."

Polly had so many interesting and delightful things to tell Millie all the way to the city that they were at the dentist's before the child realized they were much more than well on their way.

"So you both want a tooth out, hey?" said the kind-hearted, gruff old doctor. "Which one first?"

"I'll have mine out first," said Polly, smiling broadly at Millie, as if it were a good joke.

"Step right in here," said the dentist, motioning towards a little room.

"You sit still, Millie, and in a minute I'll come out just as good as new. It's just nothing at all."

Polly stepped into the dentist's chair, put her head back and opened her mouth. She had never had an ache or a pain in her life, and the dentist's chair had no fears for her.

Dr. Keen glanced into the open mouth and saw an even row of white teeth. "Which one is it?" he asked.

Polly lifted her head. "I don't know," she said, serenely; "any one of the back ones, I guess."

The dentist peered again into Polly's mouth. "I don't see any cavity," he said at length.

"I don't suppose there is any," said Polly, coolly.

The dentist poised his forceps and gazed at Polly over his glasses.

"It's Millie who has the toothache," explained Polly. "She cried all night last night. I put everything into it—salt, cloves, creosote, golden seal, pain-killer and several kinds of poultices. The poor child hasn't a nerve left."

"And so you are going to have your tooth out as a kind of moral support, hey?"

"Exactly," said Polly, laughing; "so I don't care which one comes out. There's a plenty of them, I should think." Here Polly put her head back again and opened her mouth.

"And you expect me to take out one of those sound teeth?" The dentist had a queer expression in his eyes as he gazed at Polly.

"Of course I do," said the girl, giving the doctor a straightforward look that went to his heart. He began lowering the chair. "Dentists bear the reputation of being willing to do a great many things for money," he said, "but I don't think any sum would tempt me to mar that set of teeth. You can go into the office and tell your little sister that I didn't hurt you a mite."

Polly was quick-witted, and she glanced up at the dentist and laughed. "I guess that would be the exact truth," she said, "but won't you come too and prevent any further questioning? She may want to see the tooth, you know, and I'm not an adept in deceiving people."

The doctor followed Polly into the office, and in a very few minutes Millie's tooth was extracted and she was bundled up and taken over to Stacey's toy store.

The doctor made the most of the affair when he got home that night. His wife had company and he commenced to talk about Polly the moment he entered the drawing-room.

"The prettiest girl came into my office this afternoon," he began; "drove in from Hopetown with her little sister. They had an old sorrel horse. I saw them when they hitched out in front of the office. She's about sixteen, I guess. Color! By Jove, the color in that girl's cheeks would make a city girl wince. Her nose was inclined to be a little puggy and her eyes would make an Indian feel jolly. Bright? hum!" Here the doctor smiled. "I was tired when she came in. People always put on such a hangdog expression when they prepare to visit a poor dentist. But this girl—I wanted to shake hands with her on the spot. She made me feel as if I'd had a ten-mile ride out in the country. Seems they both wanted a tooth out, and it was decided between them that my girl"—the doctor smiled as he emphasized the "my"—"was to have hers out first."

Here the doctor commenced to laugh. Then he began and gave the company a graphic account of his interview with Polly. "She hadn't an idea of being a martyr, you know; simply had a wealth of teeth and never an ache or a pain, and considered it an easy way to go; her little sister's tooth out."

The ladies in the room eyed the doctor doubtfully. Most of them were past middle age and they regarded their few sound teeth as a possession far more precious than rubies.

"True, every word of it," declared the doctor. "The girl's name is State. I know her father and her oldest brother. They live over across the river, just on the outskirts of Hopetown, possibly two miles and a half from my office. Nice people, farmers, just the kind of folks I should expect a girl like my girl to be related to; lots of common sense, level-headed, public-spirited."

"Well, doctor," said Mrs. Keen, "I wish you had brought her home with you. I must say you don't get enthusiastic over girls very often. We would really like to see her."

"Why didn't you entice her around?" asked one of the ladies. "I judge she might be quite refreshing."

"She'd be refreshing all right," laughed the doctor, "but she isn't a girl that one could easily entice. By Jove! Mary," he exclaimed, turning to his wife, "I'll write the Commodore about her. This is just the sort of a good time he'd enjoy. Wish he might have been in my office this afternoon."

[To be continued.]

## The President's Valuation of Homes

In the last analysis a healthy state can exist only when the men and women who make it up lead clean, vigorous, healthy lives; when their children are so trained that they shall endeavor not to shirk difficulties, but to overcome them; not to seek ease, but to know how to sweat triumph from toil and risk. The man must be free to do a man's work, to dare and endure and to labor to keep himself and to keep those dependent on him. The woman must be the housewife, the helpmeet of the home-maker, the wise and fearless mother of many healthy children.

In one of Daudet's powerful and melancholy books he speaks of "the fear of maternity, the haunting terror of the young wife of the present day." When such words can be written of a nation, that nation is rotten to the heart's core. When men fear work or fear righteous war, when women fear motherhood, they tremble on the brink of doom, and well is it that they should perish from the earth where they are fit subjects for the scorn of all men and women who are themselves strong and brave and high-minded.—Roosevelt's *Strenuous Life*.

## An Old-Time Virginia Girl

"The fact is," continued Arthur, reflecting, "these people understand Dorothy. They know that she is always kindly, always compassionate, always sympathetic in her dealings with them. But they realize that she is also always just. She never grows angry. She never scolds. She punishes a fault severely in her queer way, but after it is punished she never refers to it again. She never 'throws up things' to them. In a word, Dorothy is just, and after all it is justice that human beings most want, and it is the one thing of which they get least in this world."—From *Eggleston's Dorothy South* (Lothrop).



## The Conversation Corner

**DEAR CORNERERS:** Here are pictures of two gifts recently sent from Boston to foreign lands, entirely different in character and destination, but both connected with familiar stories of missionary life.

### THE BABY'S SILVER CUP

I do not think any baby in the history of the world ever had a cup given to it under such circumstances—the giver, an entire stranger on the opposite side of the globe, and the child itself receiving



the sympathy and love of thousands of Christian hearts as soon as its birth was known. The child was "Baby Tsilka," born among the wild mountains of Macedonia, where the cruel brigands had her mother and our Miss Stone in captivity for nearly six months. (Do you know that Miss Stone edited the children's department in *The Congregationalist* twenty-five years ago?) Mr. and Mrs. Tsilka, though trained in our Bulgarian mission schools, completed their education in this country (Mrs. Tsilka in Mr. Moody's Northfield Seminary), returning then to Christian work in their native land.

Well, soon after the news came of the captives' release, a note of Miss Stone to her aged mother in Chelsea was printed in *The Congregationalist*, which mentioned the "Tsilka baby." This was followed by the editorial question, "Who'll be the first to give a silver cup to Baby 'Elenchie'?" Scarcely was the paper printed when the "first" man appeared with the cup, all ready to be sent to Macedonia. (Those in the office thought they recognized him as Secretary Waldron of the City Missionary Society, the remarkable promptness of the thing favored the suspicion, and when I spoke to him of it he did not deny it!) You see only a part of the inscription, but from another photograph I copied it in full:

*Elena*  
Born Jan. 4th, 1902  
In token of an American father's  
interest in her and in all  
little children.  
Jer. 29: 14.

Two letters have been received from the grateful mother, one addressed to the editors, the other to the donor, from which these extracts are made:

... Today, May 2, Baby Elena became the possessor of a very handsome silver cup. Through your magazine, I wish to thank the donor, not only for his gift, but also for his interest shown in the baby born in captivity.

Baby Elena is now in possession of two silver cups, one given by Miss Stone just before she left Macedonia for America.

... Two days after receiving the letter informing me of the coming of a silver cup for my baby, the cup itself arrived. There was such an excitement and haste in opening the precious package; family and neighbors all crowded in and exclaimed loud and quick as only Orientals know how to do it. Baby Elena was present at the opening of the box and gazed at the excited crowd. ... You have touched the most tender spot in a mother's heart. I am full of the most hearty thanks for your sweet thought and remembrance of my baby. The inscription on it bears a very touching sentiment. Elena shall cherish it most tenderly all her life.

KATERINA STEPHANOVA TSILKA.  
Monastir, Macedonia.

I was a little puzzled by the two spellings of baby's name, and so sent a ? to our former "puzzle-editor" about it, receiving this pleasant reply:

Dear Questioner: I'm glad enough for even a chink in the Conversation Corner of my dear old "Cong." Yes, our baby's name is all right. She is *Elena* in Bulgarian, *Ellen*, of course, in English (or Eleanor), and, because she is so wee a maiden, *Elenchie*, or *Little Ellen*. We want a new school in Macedonia, but let the children keep up their interest in "our baby." I fancy that McClure means to give her again to all who read his magazine, before the story finishes.

ELLEN M. STONE.

Of course we are all reading Miss Stone's thrilling story in the magazine—of course any contribution for her "new school in Macedonia" will be so applied—and of course we children shall keep up our interest in "Little Ellen," for her own sake as well as for Miss Stone's. A Corner certificate of honorary membership is sent her now, and whenever she wishes to be educated just let her write to the Cornerers! Meantime, we will pray the Father in heaven, who so graciously watched over her infancy in the wilderness, to spare her life and make it a happy and useful one.

### THE LABRADOR HOSPITAL MOTTO

You will all be glad to know that in response to the brief request in the Corner of May 17, for warm clothing and other things for Dr. Grenfell's shoremen in Labrador, enough clothing and "other things" came to fill "five boxes, one barrel and two crates," which were kindly forwarded to St. John's by Mr. Agent Downing of the Plant Line steamships, June 7. Mr. Swett allowed the packages to be received and repacked at the A. B. C. F. M. shipping rooms, where, by the favor of the Congregational House ladies interested in the shipment, I got a glimpse of the various and generous gifts. Oh! such a lot of nice things—sweaters, coats, stockings, boots, hoods, shawls, mufflers, mittens, flannels, worsteds, needles, Bibles, pictures, dressed dolls, *et cetera*, and so forth, and much else that I didn't see and can't remember!

There is no use in trying to tell from whom the things came; but I recall boxes or packages from Dover, N. H., Worcester, Baltimore, Saratoga, Brooklyn, several from Connecticut, besides those from the suburbs of Boston. The children of a blind school sent pictures, an aged lady in Maryland sent hoods she had made, an

invalid girl sent magazines, a Virginia gentleman sent sweaters, the editor of *Frank Leslie's Magazine* sent a large roll of fine pictures, and some children I know sent mufflers and other warm things for their fellow boys in Northland.

But I think I can hear you asking "What was in those two crates? Peaches—strawberries—hens?" No, the motto. "Motto? Why should a motto need two crates?" The "Captains of Ten," Cambridge, have the floor to answer.

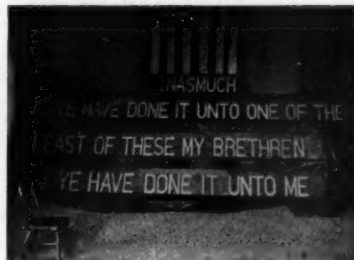
Dear Mr. Martin: While on his last visit to this country, Dr. Grenfell of Labrador visited the Captains of Ten, our Cambridge club, and proposed that we carve from wood a motto, which was to be placed over the entrance to Battle Harbor hospital. It is made of soft pine wood and is sixty feet long, each letter being a foot in height. The text of the motto, which is carved in relief, was taken from Matt. 25: 40—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." We started to work upon it in the spring of 1901, and it has just been completed and is ready to be shipped.

Cambridge, Mass. EDWARD H. K.

Miss M., the superior officer of all these Captains, writes in addition:

The motto is at last finished and started on its journey to Labrador. I wish you could have seen it! I send you a photograph of it and of the boys who "did it." [There are nineteen of them—a noble-looking set of boys!] They are all "Squad A" boys, from twelve to fifteen years old. I don't believe Dr. Grenfell counted the number of letters when he selected that verse! The front of the hospital, he told us, is sixty-five feet, and we planned it to be put up in two sections, but to photograph it and for convenience of shipping we have doubled it up more. The letters are raised about half an inch, and are left the color of the wood, but varnished; the background is painted green.

The motto has done its work here. It was hard and monotonous work, requiring the mallet for most of it. The tug has come this spring, but the boys have done well, with never a thought of giving up. The patience, perseverance and self-mastery devel-



oped helped my Captains! We hope the motto will do as much good, in a different way, to all who see it at Battle Harbor.

Cambridge, Mass.

A. B. M.

It is a good motto for us Cornerers as well as for those who will read it on that island hospital in the far north. Sir Frederick Treves, of whom we read so much as King Edward's great surgeon, is an intimate friend of Dr. Grenfell, who wrote us once from Sir Frederick's home. Does not the motto show that the skillful operations by which Dr. Grenfell helps "the least of these" Labrador seamen and shoremen are as acceptable to the Master as those of the royal surgeon at Buckingham Palace?

*Mrs. Martin*

## Lessons in Nation Building\*

### IV. An Experiment in False Worship

By REV. A. E. DUNNING

It is a just criticism of the International Sunday School Lessons that they are fragmentary. This lesson is a flagrant illustration. The few verses chosen tell only a part of the story, leaving the people a confused, chaotic multitude, smitten by Jehovah, in no condition to understand the use of the tabernacle, the making of which is the lesson immediately following. The value of the experience described is to be discovered in the omitted portion [Ex. 33, 34], which records the repentance of the sinning Israelites, their restoration to the favor of God through the intercession of their leader, and their recovery of a degree of national unity. The fact that this criticism is becoming insistent is an indication of progress in the study of the Bible.

The student of this lesson should first read chapters 32-34, then re-read and make an analysis of the story. He will probably gain the correct impression that it is composed of materials told by different persons, brought together without any effort to reconcile differences of statement, and that its purpose is to show the consequences of false worship and the compassion of God. He will discover:

1. *A faithless people.* Jehovah had proposed a covenant with them. On his part he had promised to separate them from all peoples and to lead them into a promised land. The condition he made was that they should obey his laws. They had joyfully accepted the condition, agreeing that "all that Jehovah hath spoken we will do" [Ex. 19: 8]. He had written for them on tables of stone these laws [Ex. 32: 16]. The first sentence was, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

While they were waiting for further tokens of Jehovah's guidance to be brought by their absent leader, they grew impatient. They knew of the gods of Egypt, whose people had mastered them. One of these gods was the sacred bull. They talked together of it. They became a mob, eager to enthrone a god. Why not this god? Passion kindles passion. They grew willing to make sacrifices for their scheme. They stripped off their gold ornaments and contributed them. "The people had broken loose." An undisciplined multitude is capable of any folly.

2. *An irresponsible priest.* Aaron appears to have been already selected for that office. They summoned him to do their will. He chose to lead by being led. He refused responsibility. He laid it on them. "Thou knowest the people, that they are set on evil," he said, trying to excuse himself to Moses. He tried to lay the responsibility on the idol. "They gave me the gold," he said; "I cast it into the fire, and there came out this calf." He undertook to call the outbreak genuine worship. He built an altar before the idol, declared that it had brought the people out of Egypt, called the perform-

ance "a feast to Jehovah" [Ex. 32: 5]. Yet the responsibility remained with him. "The people were broken loose, for Aaron had let them loose" [Ex. 32: 25, R. V.].

3. *A wrathful leader.* Only uncontrollable anger could have driven Moses to smash the tables on which Jehovah had written his laws. They stood fast whatever the people had done, but the covenant was broken and the broken tables symbolized the ruin wrought. An hour of passion let loose had destroyed the national fabric so auspiciously begun.

4. *A warring multitude.* The narrative at this point is not clear. No explanation is given why the tribe of Levi drew out from their fellows. But anarchy broke out after idolatry, mingled with drunkenness and licentiousness [Ex. 32: 6]. Men slew their brothers, comrades, neighbors [Ex. 32: 27-29]. The shouting, singing, dancing multitude became a fighting mob, "a derision among their enemies." This was the outcome of one stage of nation building.

5. *An offended God.* Jehovah had brought them through the Red Sea, had gone before them in a fiery pillar, had discomfited their foes. He would go with them no farther. He smote the disobedient people in his wrath [Ex. 32: 35].

6. *Repentance and restoration.* Welcome now to the meaning of the story. The new nation has met its first great disaster. The awe of smoking Sinai from which came the voice of Jehovah was followed by the solemn rites of the covenant, these by wild license, then by chaos and death. Now come the painful steps up to order and peace. Moses becomes the intercessor for the fallen and shamed people. He confesses their sin. He asks forgiveness for them. He offers himself as an atonement. He will at any rate share their fate [Ex. 32: 30-32]. Jehovah refuses pardon [Ex. 32: 9, 10, 33-35]. Moses argues the case for the people, reminds Jehovah of the triumphant taunts the Egyptians will utter against him if he should destroy the Israelites after such a great victory, and of his promises to the patriarchs. Then Jehovah repents of his purpose [vs. 11-14]. The order of the narrative needs to be readjusted to make the successive events clear.

Still Jehovah refuses to lead the people into the promised land, though he will send a messenger before them [Ex. 33: 1-3]. When the people learn the bad news they put off their ornaments and mourn [vs. 4-6]. They wait for days while Moses goes to his tent without the camp to commune with Jehovah and returns to the people [vs. 7-11]. The leader refuses to take them on the campaign to Canaan unless Jehovah will personally accompany them. At last Moses prevails. Jehovah receives him as his familiar friend, promises what he asks, and vouchsafes a new revelation of himself. The justly offended God discloses his tenderness after his judgment. As long after in the same mountain he showed Elijah that his real self was not manifested in the storm, the lightning and the

earthquake, but in the still, small voice, so now the terrible experience of sin and disaster is followed by the revealing of the goodness and mercy of God, and thus his glory is made known. The gracious promise is given, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." New tables of stone are made with the law written on them. The covenant is renewed, and Moses comes down from the mountain after another season of communion with Jehovah, whose glory is reflected in his face [chapter 34].

Thus the wonderful drama closes. But it is to be repeated in other forms until the nation goes into captivity and is restored again to its own land; until the Son of God dies on the cross, rises from the dead, and sits down at the right hand of God, an ever living intercessor. The story of the nation becomes the drama of the race, its fall and its restoration. And in it each soul may read the drama of its own experience.

### Dr. Horace Bushnell on the Old Testament

The problems of Biblical criticism had not begun to stir the popular mind when Dr. Bushnell preached a sermon to Sunday school teachers at Hartford, March 2, 1899. Yet if he had been speaking to a Sunday school convention this year, we doubt if he would have cared to change a word of that which follows on the use of the Old Testament.

This old world history is not anything precious, viewed externally, but is only a very coarse mixture of idolatries, judgments, wars, barbarities—a religion shut up in formalities and transacted in a slaughter yard of sacrifice, where gluttonous priests are watching for their part of the meat; the civil history is wild and oppressive; the social is treacherous and cruel; and yet, if we go down under the externalities deep enough to find what God is meditating there, we shall say at every turn, "How precious are thy thoughts!" Underneath the outward story we distinguish signs that are prelude everywhere a gospel day. Enoch walks with God, till by God's loving thought he is lifted and taken away. Abraham has found that God provides himself a lamb, and gotten full discovery thus of God's loving thought to him. Jacob has seen angels of God ascending and descending on him, and by that sacred telegraphy had his communication with God. Moses has had his bush and put off there his shoes before him whose title of mystery is, *I am that I am*. Little Samuel has had his call; and Isaiah has cried, "Woe is me, for I have seen the King"; and David has got so wonted in God's dispositions, purposes, sympathies, self-sacrificing patience and meditations of mercy that he prays by God's thoughts—"Have mercy on me, O God, according to thy loving kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions." Meantime God is calling out all along the ages himself to the sottish people of transgression, "Come, let us reason together." Come, that is, and put yourselves alongside of me, your mind by my mind, your thoughts by my thoughts, and we may think alike and be one forever. And so, if we take all these old books of story, biography and prophecy and join ourselves to these old hymns of worship, we seem to be inhaled among God's very thoughts—let in deep into the discerning of them. And we are lifted by the swell of a certain deific undertone in them, which is the Eternal Mind heaving up through, in great inspirations and tides of thought that have no human measures.

\* International Sunday School Lesson for July 27. Text, Ex. 32-34. Worshipping the Golden Calf.



## In and Around Chicago

### Summer Work at the Moody Institute

The work in Chicago is pressed as earnestly and enthusiastically in the summer as it is in Northfield. It is Biblical and experimental. Quite as much stress is laid upon the ability to make practical application of what has been acquired in the classroom as upon the power to pass satisfactory examinations in the studies of a prescribed course. The evangelistic work this year will be pushed with the former vigor, and promises to secure results as encouraging as in other years. Dr. James M. Gray of Boston, one of the leading teachers here for several years, will continue his services this summer, giving daily lectures on the Hexateuch, the earlier historical books and the post-Babylonian books. Each Wednesday he will speak on homiletics, describing the qualifications of a good sermon, its classification and construction, but with special reference to the exposition of Scripture, the preparation for Bible readings and the conduct of public worship. During August Dr. Gray will lecture on the crucial doctrines of Christianity. Once a week through the summer he will teach a popular Bible class. Rev. Arthur J. Smith from Aug. 5-8 will speak on the Bible as a divinely inspired book, how to study it, what is meant by a passion for souls, and how to find one's life work. The attendance at the institute is gratifyingly large. In the formation of character and in developing a spirit of consecration which secures earnest and efficient service it deserves high praise.

### Summer Vacations

Most of the Chicago pastors are planning to leave for their summer's rest after the second Sunday in the month. Mr. Gould of Leavitt Street will be in Duluth for a few weeks on exchange with the pastor of Pilgrim Church. Dr. Fox of Covenant will be in the country, and will lecture at several Chautauqua assemblies. Dr. Fifield of Warren Avenue will preach through July. The house will then be closed for redecoration and electric lighting. Dr. Millburn of Plymouth began his vacation with the first Sunday of the month. The church will be closed during August. Dr. Thorpe of South Church has been having a very large attendance at vespers the past month and thinks that for his church the experiment has solved the problem of the second service. The very best music which money can secure is furnished, a short address is given and multitudes are pleased. The church will obtain attractive supplies during the summer. Dr. Beaton of Lincoln Park goes to Michigan where with Dr. Loba he has a summer home. Both of their churches are kept open during the summer. At New England Church the assistant pastor, Rev. Mr. Winchester, officiates in the absence of Professor Mackenzie. At Union Park Church it is understood that Professor Willet will supply, and First Church has arranged for supplies till September. Dr. Strong of Second Church, Oak Park, goes to Oberlin and will preach in First Church there. Dr. Dewhurst of University Church goes to his home in northern New England. Dr. Barton of First Church, Oak Park, will remain at home through the summer. He has been giving his people the results of his recent visit to the East, and has exhibited to them on suitable occasions many of the relics he secured. One of these is a copy of the Samaritan Pentateuch which he purchased of the priests at Shechem. He says but sixteen of these manuscripts are known to exist in the libraries of Europe.

### Attacks on Garrett Biblical Institute

This theological seminary, connected with Northwestern University at Evanston, has lately been the subject of severe criticism by former students and by many men who occupy Methodist pulpits. Rev. Mr. Euster of Whedon Church, Evanston, in his farewell sermon

last Sunday, said that the teaching of the institute is sure to create a lack of faith in the Scriptures, that the views of the higher critics there indorsed undermine faith in general and that the result is that men enter the service of the church who reject the moral teaching of the Old Testament and deny that Jesus Christ knew as much about the Old Testament as men in our age know, and further, that these young ministers are practically Unitarian in their belief and incapable of conducting a prayer meeting with any profit to those who attend it. Mr. Euster was brought to Evanston from the northwestern coast as an evangelist and a church builder. He has been disappointed in his field here, and perhaps attributes his inability to accomplish all that he had hoped to the atmosphere in which he has lived. Other charges have been made almost as severe but no one who knows President Little or Professor Terry can for a moment believe that their teaching or the teaching of the men associated with them will undermine the faith of their pupils. They feel it their duty to give facts as scholarship has discovered them, and at the same time to show how these facts strengthen rather than weaken right interpretation of the Bible.

### Progress at Springfield

Neither the pastor, Dr. A. M. Hall, nor his people are satisfied with what they have already accomplished in the completion and dedication of a beautiful new house of worship. They are now anxious to reach the community at large, and to this end are introducing institutional measures, so far as desirable, into their work. They have already formed a boys' club of fifty, and are preparing to seat the basement of the church building for a gymnasium, bathrooms and manual training. Meanwhile the spiritual side of the work is not overlooked.

### Labor Troubles

A strike which may prove serious began early in the week. The handlers of freight have been demanding better wages for a long time and at last the managers of the railroads agreed to what was substantially a twenty per cent. advance, but refused to recognize the union to which the men belonged. In order to prevent the injury which such a strike brings to business and to the strikers, Mr. Job, chairman of the state arbitration committee, went to the railway managers and secured from them the best terms they would give. With the exception of the recognition of the union they embraced nearly everything the men had asked. It is understood that many of the men were in favor of accepting the terms as they were urged to do by Mr. Job, but the obstinacy of Mr. Curron, the president

of the union, prevented and persuaded the men who had gathered to vote for settlement to vote to continue the strike to the bitter end. Many of the men have returned to their work. Others have been brought in from outside, so that the managers will soon be able to handle all the freight which comes to them. The new men will not be discharged to give places to the old men when the strike is over. There is danger of sympathetic strikes in other departments of labor, not so much on account of wages as of the refusal of employers to recognize labor unions and to agree to employ only union men.

Chicago, July 12.

FRANKLIN.

Perfect weather is a rare thing, try as we may to speak nothing but good of the doings of Providence.—Bradford Torrey.

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Stylish Cloth Skirts, former price \$5, reduced to \$3.34, \$6 Skirts reduced to \$4, \$7.50 Skirts reduced to \$5.

Rainy-day Skirts, former price \$6, reduced to \$4, \$9 Skirts reduced to \$6.

\$3.50 Shirt-Waist Suits reduced to \$2.34.

\$3 Wash Skirts reduced to \$2.

We are also closing out a few Sample Suits and Skirts (which were made up for exhibition in our Salesroom) at one-half of regular prices.

Catalogue, Samples and Bargain List will tell you the rest—sent free by return mail. If the garment you order does not give satisfaction, send it back and we will refund your money.

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## The Literature of the Day

### Essays in Constructive Theology

These essays \* by teachers of the Bible and of theology in different colleges of Oxford remind us of *Lux Mundi* and *Essays and Reviews*. They represent the views of those who hold that the ideas of the Broad Church party have now found general acceptance among progressive teachers of Christian truth. They feel that current discussions of ritual and of the divine and exclusive authority of the Anglican church are of secondary importance as compared with problems that concern the foundations of Christian faith. Their themes are, The Ultimate Basis of Theism, The Person and Teaching of Christ, The Permanent Religious Value of the Old Testament, Modern Criticism and the New Testament, The Church and the Sacraments.

The writers accept the conclusions of the Higher Criticism and undertake to point out the lines on which the reconstruction of theology, which they believe is necessary and inevitable, ought to take place. They are moved to this work by the restlessness and questioning attitude of young men in their college classes, representing the educated people of the rising generation. They have become convinced that many are affected by the impression that views which are called orthodox are no longer reconcilable with discovered facts of natural science and with human experience, while little as yet has been done in the instruction of the pulpit, Bible classes and Sunday schools to bring Christian theology into harmony with the rest of the knowledge of educated young men and women.

It seems to us that more has been done in this direction, at any rate in this country, than these writers assume. Certainly their essays cover ground with which all readers of modern Biblical and theological literature are familiar. They touch but lightly on miracles, the atonement and eschatology. They give the views of others on inspiration rather than a positive statement of their own views. They state frankly their reasons for modifying old doctrines, but seem to shrink from the logical conclusions to which these reasons lead.

This criticism is, of course, general, and the result of impressions of the volume as a whole, and would apply only in a partial sense in the examination of each essay. Dr. Rashdall says that the existence of moral evil requires us to believe that God's omnipotence is limited, the limitation springing from his own nature. But he does not go so far as to say that evil is the consequence of this self-limitation. Mr. Inge affirms that the incarnation is not only an event in the past, but an ideal which humanity is striving to realize; but he regards our Lord's personality as an integral part of his revelation and different from that of every other religious teacher. Mr. Allen believes that the tendency of criticism is toward a rehabilitation of the historicity of the gospel narratives, but that the final court of appeal is the Christian consciousness,

and that the question of Biblical inspiration is independent of criticism.

Mr. Carlyle, in his essay on The Church, and Mr. Inge on The Sacraments, frankly deny that the Episcopacy has the right to claim exclusive authority or divine gifts as an ecclesiastical body. To those who have been called Dissenters in England, this will be welcome evidence that a new spirit is asserting itself among the younger Anglican clergy, a catholicity which gives hope of a unity of Christians that can never come so long as Anglicans insist that it can be realized only by bringing all other churches into their own body. This volume is a manifesto of a new school and a sign that it is coming to a place of leadership in English church life.

### RELIGION

*World Wide Evangelization*. pp. 691. Student Volunteer Movement, 3 West 29th Street, New York. \$1.50.

This remarkably well edited volume embodies the proceedings of the great Student Volunteer Convention at Toronto last March. Many of the addresses are printed *verbatim*, while the substance of the section meetings and of the informal discussions is presented. Those who attended this remarkable gathering will find in these 700 pages a renewed impression of its strength and worth, and for others the volume will bring material personally rewarding and professionally useful. The appendices, including outlines for missionary meetings and a splendid index, are specially valuable. The book was evidently made by men who had in view its wide service in churches and missionary meetings.

*The Naturalness of Christian Life*, by Edward E. Keedy, B.D. pp. 204. G. F. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

In this book we feel that we have kept company with one who is not only perpetually interpreting life, but also intelligently and spiritually using it. The thought is massed around the conception of the identity of the natural and spiritual worlds. The leading features of the argument are: Jesus' estimate of man's greatness; the best type of religion is that which is unconscious; the unfolding of an inward law; the realization of nature; the immediateness of blessing and curse; character by inspiration; the recovery by the church of its filial function, so strong now in clubs, lodges and orders.

*Broader Bible Study, the Pentateuch*, by Rev. Alexander Patterson. pp. 236. G. W. Jacobs & Co. 75 cents net.

An unsatisfactory popular guide to a study of the Pentateuch. The author's idea is to weave together in one story the narrative down to the wilderness journey. The ceremonial law is thoroughly outlined, but the Mosaic law legislation is overlooked. The biographies are homiletic. The book is colorless and non-committal on questions, in regard to which not only the special student, but the general reader expects critical teaching.

*The Temple Bible: Corinthians, Galatians and Thessalonians*. pp. 142. J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents.

Prof. Vernon Bartlett of Mansfield College writes a fitting introduction to this volume, holding that the earliest of Paul's epistles is the one to the Galatians. The notes are quite full and are valuable.

*The Temple Bible: The Fourth Book of Moses Called Numbers*. pp. 159. J. B. Lippincott Co. 60 cents net.

The essay is by Buchanan Gray, and accords with the positions of modern scholarship. He holds that the Book of Numbers is the work of men whose names are unknown, and that considerable parts of it were written after the exile.

### HISTORY

*The History of the World*, edited by Dr. H. F. Helmolt. Vol. I. pp. 628. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$6.00 net.

The enormous recent accumulation of mate-

rial does not discourage the maker of world histories. It does require, however, the co-operation of many minds and a large investment of time and money. All have been provided abundantly in this massive work, in the making of which a large group of continental scholars is associated with the editor. The thread of order is suggested by the relations of man to his surroundings, and the method of treatment adopted may be called the geographical. This first volume begins with a general introductory sketch by James Bryce. It deals with primitive man and with the history of America. The different writers have individual qualities which make it difficult to characterize the work as a whole, but everywhere the evidences of abundant learning and a just and discriminating purpose of selection appear. The translation is satisfactory and the illustrations aid the text. There are to be eight volumes, extending to more than 5,000 pages in all.

*The Story of the Christian Centuries*, by Edward G. Selden. pp. 319. Fleming H. Revell Co. \$1.00 net.

For such a compressed treatment this book has much merit. It is not a church history, but an essay, revealing faithful study of recent broad historians. In the rapidly shifting scenes the writer does not attempt to give his estimates of men, but is helpful in stating the essence of the great undercurrents of history. The Christian centuries are divided into eight periods, the Reformation receiving the most comprehensive work. The writer closely follows the lines laid down by Professor Fisher.

*Our Country's Story*, by Eva March Tappan. pp. 287. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 65 cents.

A delightful rendering of the forthcoming facts of our national history in a form appropriate for children's reading or school use. The good taste in selection and illustration is worthy of high praise. It ministers in the right way to the right sort of intelligent patriotism.

### FICTION

*In the Country God Forgot*, by Francis Charles. pp. 328. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50.

A story of Arizona with the background and atmosphere of its arid hills. The miner, cow-puncher and stage driver play subordinate parts. There is a tragic story of family hate, a love story, and delightful glimpses of a child—all developed with considerable power. But one must read warily or he will find himself wondering what it is all about, for the author delights in cryptic sentences and does not always allow himself the joy of saying a plain thing plainly.

*My Captive*, by J. A. Altscheller. pp. 281. D. Appleton & Co. \$1.25.

A capital story of adventure, set in the conditions of life in South Carolina during the revolution, but refreshingly free from archaeological or historical ambitions. A soldier of Morgan's army takes prisoner an English girl spy. What happens to them we take pleasure in referring our readers to the book to learn. Colonel Washington appears for a moment and the goal of the journey proves to be the battle of the Cowpens, but there is quite interest enough in the people of the tale to hold the reader's pleased attention to the end without having it distracted by the study of notabilities.

*Love Never Fails*, by Carnegie Simpson. pp. 207. F. H. Revell Co. \$1.25.

"An emotion touched by realities" the author calls this story. It has so many elements of strength that we wish he could have taken time to finish it. It begins and ends with mere bridging-over dialogue, and its incompleteness is manifest at every point. Even so successful a preacher as Mr. Simpson owes a larger tribute of completeness to one of the greatest of the modern arts than this.

*John Kenadie*, by Ripley D. Saunders. pp. 295. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$1.50.

The first chapters are the best. The author knows boy life and girl life by instinctive sympathy. The mingled generosity, affection and jealousy of the child develop into the ambition, love, coquetry, passion and purpose of youth, with fine discernment and appreciation as the story progresses. The secret which

\* *Contentia Veritas*, by Six Oxford Tutors. pp. 311. Dutton & Co. \$3.50 net.



piques the reader's curiosity is shrewdly managed. Perhaps the most attractive character is Gilbert Rolfe, the teacher, in his devotion to his pupil.

**A Fool's Errand**, by one of the Fools. pp. 520. Fords, Howard & Hulbert. \$1.50.

The set of the tide of fiction toward Southern scenes and history has suggested to the publishers the good thought of sending out a new and illustrated edition of Judge Tourgee's striking novel of reconstruction times. We are glad to call attention to it as a strong statement of a side of the controversy other than that of which story-writers are now telling us so much.

#### VERSE

**John McGovern's Poems**, pp. 48. Wm. S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. \$1.00 net.

Mr. McGovern belongs with the circle of Indiana writers. Most of the poems in this book are in blank verse, which the author uses with frequent imaginative power and with a chanting lilt. His themes are of nature and human nature and his thought is reverent and uplifting.

**Poems**, by Arthur Upson and George Norton Northrop. pp. 29. Edmund D. Brooks, Minneapolis.

This is a beautiful book in its outward embodiment and a soul of melody breathes in it. But there is a preciosity, a love of the unusual, a remoteness from the ways of ordinary life, a deliberate out-of-focus mistiness, which does not encourage us to think that the authors will be wholly proud of their work a decade hence. And we find ourselves quarreling with them in matters of taste, "A bibulous nightingale"—why "bibulous," pray? And why nightingales in Minnesota? And why must we be bothered to look back to the table of contents to find the titles of the poems?

**Line o' Type Lyrics**, by Bert Leston Taylor. pp. 59. Wm. S. Lord, Evanston, Ill. 50 cents. Originally appeared in the *Chicago Tribune* and breathe the spirit of newspaper fun. Clever parodies, imitations and travesties. An amusing book, which will win a longer remembrance than most books of serious verse. The survival and adaptation of the lyrical forms of Villon in these twentieth century diversifications is something to be noted.

**That Old Kitchen Stove**, by David Harold Judd. pp. 21. Abbey Press. 50 cents. Redolent of the sights and sounds and odors of the old home kitchen. It cannot be called great verse, but it will give pleasure both by the go and spirit of the verse and appropriateness of the illustrations.

**Dramatic and Early Poems**, by Matthew Arnold. pp. 274. Macmillan Co. 50 cents. The beautiful Tuxton edition, edited and arranged by H. Buxton Forman, who has added marginal and appended notes, a table of first lines and a full bibliographical essay. There is a good portrait for frontispiece.

**Some of the Rhymes of Ironquill**. (A Book of Moods.) pp. 365. Putnam's Sons. \$1.50. It behooves the critic to speak respectfully of a book of poems which comes to him in its eleventh edition. And there is much that is enjoyable in these verses. They smack of Kansas soil and the broad humor of the prairie. Here and there they are unconsciously imitative and they are often amusingly reckless; but we infinitely prefer them to the decadent verse which is turned out by so many poets nowadays.

**Wharf and Fleet**. Poems by Clarence Manning Falt, with illustrations from life. pp. 117. Little, Brown & Co. \$1.50 net.

Mr. Falt writes with spirit in a dialect which requires a glossary at the end of each of his poems. He succeeds in giving us the atmosphere of the wharves, with their tarry and fishy smells, and of the life of the fishermen who sail from them to the banks. The photographs of Gloucester scenes are admirable. The whole book will do much to recall one of the most individual and interesting of American towns.

#### JUVENILE

**Sarah the Lass**, by Sophie Swett. pp. 174. Westminster Press. 75 cents net.

A clever plot and moral values well presented, yet not obtrusive or repellent, make this story of contrasted school girl character readable and helpful.

**True Tales of Birds and Beasts**, selected by David Starr Jordan. pp. 132. D. C. Heath & Co. 40 cents.

President Jordan has gone to good authors for these stories of birds and beasts, with a pleasant result of variety of scene and style. Miss Wellman's pictures are a real addition to the text. It is a capital book for older children or for use as a supplementary reader in the school.

**In the Time of Roses**, by L. T. Meade. pp. 415. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$1.50.

An English story for young people—the sequel to *A Bunch of Cherries*. An account of a poor girl's struggles in London. The atmosphere of improbability which surrounds all the characters—especially the heroine and the beautiful villain, who is talented beyond all possibility—makes interesting but unwholesome reading.

**Five Little Peppers Abroad**, by Margaret Sidney. pp. 448. Lothrop Pub. Co. \$1.10 net. No other introduction will be needed by readers of the earlier chronicles of the Pepper children than the statement that they and their parents, guests and guardians go to Holland and England. That they have good times follows as a matter of course. Their days of poverty are over and no wishes are stinted. Indeed this lavish use of money is

the chief objection we have to this book, taken by itself.

**Susanne**, by Frances J. Delano. Illustrated by Etheldred B. Barry. pp. 130. L. C. Page & Co.

Quaint little Susanne and the grandfather she loves so dearly are old friends to readers of *The Congregationalist*. Several chapters of this book appeared originally in our children's department and the child's individuality is so strong they will be remembered. Miss Delano has a fresh, natural way of story telling and her characters are real people whom children will like to meet and their elders will recognize as true to country life.

**What Gladys Saw**. By Frances Margaret Fox. pp. 318. W. A. Wilde Co. \$1.25.

Gladys is a likable little girl, who loves the country and has a healthy curiosity about the world of insects, birds and animals. Her father, a naturalist, tells her all sorts of interesting things in the course of every-day life, and she learns to keep her own eyes and ears open. There is plenty of conversation and enough story to interest the child, who will absorb considerable scientific information in a pleasant way.

## Book Chat

More than half the newspapers of the world are printed in the English tongue.

Lorna Doone has unceasing popularity. The forty-ninth edition will soon be issued in London.

The author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden* hopes to have another book ready for publication in the fall.

We have the welcome promise for the autumn of a new book of short stories by Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A new novel by Sir Gilbert Parker is to appear in the fall. The title, *Little Dickey Donovan*, suggests a theme lighter than his former works.

*McClure's* is likely to be in demand this summer by those who enjoyed *Monsieur Beaucaire* and are eager to follow Booth Tarkington's new serial.

Are we to have a second *Brook Farm* in Germany? Forty poets, writers and philosophers, with their families, have started life in a single house near Berlin.

Mr. J. E. Barrie is to have a new story, which he calls *The Little White Bird*. It will appear in part in *Scribner's Magazine*, and be published before Christmas.

July 5th heralded a change in the form of *Harper's Weekly*. The new size is more easily handled, but on the cover one misses the time-honored insignia of the house.

Paris celebrates the centenary of the birth of the elder Dumas on the twenty-fourth of this month. The dispute concerning the date has resulted in a paucity of Dumas articles at this time.

A Norwegian book on runic inscriptions, by Professor Bugge, contains a copy of a tablet telling the story of the first discovery of America by Norsemen in the eleventh century.

*The International Monthly* is henceforth to be issued as a quarterly, in more than double the present size and with the addition of two new departments devoted to current literature and the drama and fine art. There will be no change in the editorial direction.

Those who have followed in *The Century* from month to month *The Confessions of a Wife* (which Mrs. Phelps-Ward is accused of writing) ought to read Miss Daskam's *Confessions of a Husband* in the *July Bookman*. It is the richest take-off we have seen in a long time.

Coronation poems are multitudinous, but few have attained more than passing notice. A lengthy prize ode by Rev. L. MacLean Watt appears in the *July Critic*; William Watson's

poem is published by John Lane, and Bliss Carman's by L. C. Page & Co.

Dr. Washington Gladden's little book, *The Practice of Immortality*, has just been reissued as a neat booklet by the Pilgrim Press. Those who know how sane and convincing Dr. Gladden's writings always are will be glad of this thoughtful study of the future life from his pen.

*The Atlantic* for July publishes some extracts from Emerson's private diaries which principally concern themselves with the sayings and doings of William Ellery Channing. They throw an interesting light on Emerson's generous tolerance and desire to think the best of everybody, and they help to explain why Channing never got a hearing from the world.

The Berlin art professor, Hermann Grimm, was a great admirer and a correspondent of Emerson. His executors have discovered among his effects an interesting series of letters, among them letters from Miss Emerson describing her father's last days. The letters will be given either to the library of the American Church in Berlin or to the Germanic Museum at Harvard.

The book having the largest retail sale at the Congregational Bookstore in Boston during these vacation days is *Historic Boston; Sight-seeing Tours Around the Hub*. It is undoubtedly the best guide to Boston and its suburbs, and it tells many interesting things which old Bostonians are glad to know and which enable the visiting stranger to see more things of interest in a week than he otherwise would in a month. It has excellent maps and about one hundred illustrations.

Mr. Stetson of the New Haven Free Public Library sends us an interesting note in reply to our statement in regard to the large number of books circulated by a Hebrew library in New York: "That amounts," he says, "to a turnover—i. e., the number of times a book is used per year on the average—of 4.1 vols. per year. Probably many libraries show a larger turnover. The Los Angeles Public Library reports a turnover of over 7. The New Haven Public Library reports for 1901 a turnover of 5.3. The first year in the history of the New Haven Library the turnover amounted to 16.3. As a library grows older its stock of little used books becomes relatively large and the turnover correspondingly small. Probably 3,000 titles represent at least half the circulation of any circulating library, except, possibly, a very few libraries in the largest cities."

## Boston's Summer Philanthropy

### How Boston Cares for Her Children in Summer

Summer heat usually finds the streets and alleyways of Boston filled with a vast army of little children whose grimy faces grow thin and pinched before the cool fall days come. For the three past years the school board and charitable institutions have worked together on the problem of street children in summer, and this year's solution is seven public and as many private vacation schools, open to all children daily for three hours. Any one in the neighborhood of a vacation school will see, shortly before nine o'clock, small Jews and Gentiles with carefully scrubbed smiling faces trudging eagerly in that direction. These summer schoolrooms have no terrors for them, since all rules are put out of sight and the teachers are kind and sympathetic. The restless little tots wriggle to their hearts' content, smile audaciously at each other, and at a given time suck long five-for-a-cent sticks of candy. In the private schools the youngest ones are lunched on sterilized milk and crackers.

From nine till twelve o'clock daily 15,000 children of various sizes and nationalities are in these schools away from the dirt and heat. The subjects taught are usually carpentering, chair seating, basket-weaving, sewing, drawing, color work, nature lessons and sometimes cooking, and, after the manner of higher institutions of learning, the course of study is largely elective—each pupil being allowed a choice of three subjects.

Every day a half hour is devoted to singing—lustily though discordantly executed—and for another half hour the teacher relates wonderful tales of sea nymphs in the deep green ocean or of a place in the country where cows and sheep graze in broad fields.

The color-work has a strange charm for the younger pupils. For three-quarters of an hour one morning, fifty restless bits of humanity, their faces distorted with effort, were bent over desks, reproducing in green and red water colors, two real cherries pinned before them as a model. Few of the finished paintings bore a stronger resemblance to a cherry than a Baldwin apple, but the teacher's "That is splendid!" made the eyes glisten proudly. But perhaps the most delightful feature of all is the nature work or field lessons when, once a week, a whole school is taken by sections to the country suburbs, and there gets deep breaths of fresh air and learns from blue skies and green fields what the schoolroom cannot teach.

Of the numerous play-grounds and sand-gardens in the city and suburbs, that on South Russell Street, opened under the auspices of the Y. W. C. T. U., is the largest. In all of these, swings, acrobatic paraphernalia and sand heaps attract hundreds of children, no matter how hot the day. It is to be regretted that these grounds in the city proper are of necessity grassless and shadeless and are comfortable only early in the morning and after sunset.

### Sea Breezes for Tiny Sufferers

Boston's wharves are always noisy with the rumbling of heavy teams, shouts of drivers, screeching of tugs and the roar of the elevated. But during these summer weeks, any one chancing to pass City Wharf shortly before nine o'clock in the morning will hear another sound—the wailing of tiny babes. It is not the fretful crying of healthy children, but a pitiful, tearless moaning of little sufferers, waiting in mothers' tired arms for the doctor's pass to board the Floating Hospital.

Of the hundreds of diseased little creatures taken on board, the most serious cases are received as permanent patients, remaining days and nights under the watchful care of nurses and doctors. But not every baby can be coaxed to a state of chubby healthfulness.

"Yes," said the sunny-faced manager, in his rich Scotch brogue and with a sigh of regret, "we cannot always save the bairns. Many a time we have to put into the mother's arms at night a baby that can suffer no more."

There are accommodations in the permanent wards for about 100 children and on the upper deck perhaps 150 day patients find room in cots and hammocks. Mothers are admitted with the latter to learn how to prepare the milk and foods so necessary for the tiny one's welfare.

The third division of the hospital is the kindergarten department. This is made up of the "extra" well children which mothers are allowed to bring on board to make one less at home in the sweltering tenement.

Everything on this small hospital is modern and the best. The fourteen doctors, thirty-six nurses and other attendants are skilled in their professions; the hundred quarts of milk sterilized daily are brought by special arrangement four times daily directly from the cows to the babies; the air in the wards is kept dry and at an even temperature no matter how damp the east wind; all water and linen used is thoroughly sterilized; the food given to the mothers and well children is wholesome and appetizing. But best of all is the sympathy freely lavished on the suffering children and discouraged mothers.

Special arrangements are made for the occasional visitors allowed on board, and Mr. John Anderson, the assistant manager, is always ready to tell of the work and the babies. When he comes to the linen room, taking a large, long box from a shelf he shows the visitor the piles of dainty socks and garments so hopelessly small, sent by mothers with empty cradles. Picking up now a pair of diminutive red socks, and again a dainty blue jacket he brings tears to his own and the visitor's eyes as he tells their history.

The day's outing for the transient patients is over at four o'clock when the hospital is turned back to the wharf. After new food supplies for the night have been received it anchors in the harbor until the next morning.

Within the next two years the management hope to have new and larger accommodations better adapted to the increased possibilities of the work.

### The "Fourth" at West Groton, N. Y.

BY REV. W. F. IRELAND

A unique celebration of Independence Day was conducted under the auspices of the Congregational church in this village. Its young men are the glory of the community, and for years it has been the custom to celebrate the Fourth here and so keep the boys at home instead of sending them to celebrate where carousing and open saloons abound. This year plans were made to attract people from the neighboring towns and to furnish an object lesson in a clean, temperate Fourth.

The program for the evening was a choice one. Rev. James Stuart Ainslie, D. D., pastor of the new North Congregational Church, Chicago, was the orator. Two West Groton young men, who are filling places in the great professional world, represented the boys who have gone out from our midst in short but able addresses. As each of these speakers was introduced he was greeted by the college yell and college song of his *alma mater*, a group of college boys giving the ovation, to the surprise of speakers and audience alike.

The crowd was so large that the plan to have this program given in the church was abandoned and a stage was built out from the parsonage piazza. It was thrilling to watch those hundreds of faces dimly lighted by lamps from the porch, and to note the sustained attention as, by music and speech, no-

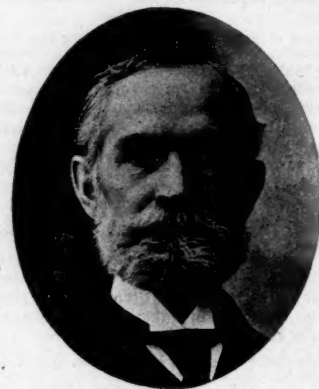
ble sentiments and principles of patriotism were instilled.

In the afternoon, to the strains of martial music rendered by a fine brass band, the boys had their games and races. Church committees conducted the sale of fruits and creams at well ordered booths, and a fine supper was served at the church. During the day there must have been a thousand people present, and again and again it was remarked, "What a celebration and not a drop of liquor!"

When it is known that West Groton is a rural community, five miles from the railroad, with but one store, and only one other business enterprise, with no hotel and but one church, the success of this celebration will be the more appreciated. After paying all expenses a sum of over \$50 has been put into the hands of the ladies, who will expend it in the purchase of silver and linen for the church dining room.

### A Man Who Went About Doing Good

In the death by heart failure, at New Rochelle, N. Y., of Mr. Laurin A. Bumpus, the City Missionary Society loses one of its most efficient representatives and the Dorchester end of the city a Christian citizen who had won a peculiar respect and love. Mr. Bumpus was sixty-nine years old, but still strong for his work. He was the last leader of the Monday morning meeting of the city missionaries and the words he then spoke could not have



been more appropriately chosen if he had known that it was to be his last opportunity of speaking.

Mr. Bumpus was born in Hebron, Me., and came to Boston in early manhood. He was identified for some time with the work of Dr. Cullis and management of the Consumptives' Home at Grove Hall. For two years from 1879, he was assistant pastor of the Shawmut Avenue Baptist Church. Since 1881 he has been one of the representatives of the City Missionary Society, with Dorchester for his place of work. He identified himself with the Second Church, Dorchester, where he was for many years a deacon and church treasurer. He had the art of winning confidence and found his way to the hearts of people in the house to house visitation which was the basis of his missionary work. Unselfish, sympathetic, thoroughly honest, a most consistent Christian, filling his sphere of work with a genuine delight in the opportunities which he recognized in it, he was a type of Christian worker and citizen which is more and more needed in our crowded city life and he will be greatly missed by those who knew and depended upon him. It is difficult to realize, until their work is ended, the value of such quiet, persistent, helpful and sympathetic lives, and when they go up to their reward it is hard to replace them.

A memorial service was held in the Second Church, Dorchester, on Sunday morning, with an appreciative address by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Arthur Little.



## In and Around New York

### Summer Preachers

Dr. Dewey began last week his term in charge of the union services on the Heights, in his Pilgrims' Church. The First and Second Presbyterian and the Reformed congregations join, the services being held in the First Presbyterian. Tompkins Avenue is uniting with Central Church this month and Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian with the Clinton Avenue for the summer. Rev. Archibald McCullough of Worcester is taking Mr. Taylor's place at the Puritans for the summer, and Mr. Cox of Bethany, Manhattan, and Rev. Emil Richter of Paterson will take Dr. Baylis's place at Bushwick Avenue during August. Mr. Harmon keeps Plymouth open during the season and Mr. Jenkins will be at Immanuel. Mr. Chase is in the Flatbush Church during July. Dr. Stimson will preach several times in New York this summer, but his congregation unites with the West End Collegiate. Pilgrim, Harlem, unites with Mt. Morris Baptist and several other Harlem churches. Dr. Stryker is preaching at the improvised tabernacle in Mendelssohn Hall. The number of widely known out-of-town preachers to be heard in New York pulpits this summer is exceedingly small. Mr. Morgan attracts large congregations to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church. Dr. McLaurin of Rochester is in Brooklyn again this summer. Dr. Nicolls of St. Louis is coming and so is Dr. McPherson of Lawrenceville. The rush of preachers abroad has been, during the last fortnight, simply phenomenal.

### Vacation Schools

Eighteen vacation schools were opened in Manhattan last week and seventeen in Brooklyn. Every year more are required. The tuition is almost wholly in the line of manual training. Sessions are held only in the mornings, and the instruction is much more popular with the pupils than is that in the regular school year. It is looked upon as a kind of play and contributes tangible results in the form of articles made which the children take home. Thirty-five play-grounds were also opened last week, and in schools and play-grounds about 75,000 children can be accommodated. As this number is less than one sixth of the school population, it will be seen that more schools could be advantageously opened. The plan has met with such favor that it is likely that before long every public school in the city will be opened for a vacation course.

### Summer Schools and Playgrounds

The opening of summer has aroused discussion as to the possible uses of New York public school buildings which, under present plans, are closed from the first of July until nearly the middle of September. A few, it is true, are opened for "summer school sessions," half a day for five days in the week for about six weeks, but the majority are tightly closed all through the warm months. It is the opinion of Mayor Low and many others that these buildings, so constructed as to be as light and airy as possible, should contribute to the comfort of the people of their neighborhoods, and the board of education is now working out a plan by which all the schools and playgrounds may be opened to the public daily during the summer. The cost may prove an obstacle, as attendants would have to be paid; but certainly such action would prove a boon to the children of the city, the majority of whom have now no playgrounds other than the hot and dusty streets.

### A Model Children's City

The New York Juvenile Asylum, which has in its care about 1,000 boys and girls, about 100 of whom it sends West each year to enter upon farm life, is to give up its quarters on Amsterdam Avenue, upper Manhattan,

where there are large buildings and small grounds, and will provide on the east bank of the Hudson, near Dobbs Ferry, a model city, to cover nearly all of 278 acres. Children are to be afforded cottage home life, twenty boys and fifteen girls comprising the families respectively. There will also be church, school, gymnasium and public hall, swimming pool, office building, bank, local water works, a general hospital, two industrial buildings, park gardening and farming. The land will be expected to provide provisions for the larder and flowers for the tables and rooms in sufficient quantities to afford instruction to the youthful farmers and floriculturists. The experiment is a radical innovation for an old conservative institution. The asylum receives \$75,000 a year from the city, but has large resources besides. The president of it is Mr. Mornay Williams, a prominent Baptist layman of New York, but the asylum has no denominational affiliation.

C. N. A.

## Record of the Week

### Calls

ALLEN, FRANK H., Newton, Mass., to Presb. Ch., Sag Harbor, L. I.  
BRUNDAGE, BIRCHARD F., Redridge, Mich., accepts repeated call to Presb. Ch., Marine City.  
COOKE, WM. H., Sunol Glen, Cal., to Hillyard and Pleasant Prairie, Ida. Accepts.  
DICKINSON, GEO. L., lately of East Northfield, Mass., to Fairhope, Ala.  
ELDRIDGE, EDWIN R., Fort Payne, Ala., to presidency Ross Coll. Inst., Heflin.  
ELLIS, JOHN T., Gann Valley, S. D., to Dustin, Neb., with Clay Center and Cleveland Presb. church.  
FISHER, CHAS. W., Mechanic Falls, Me., to West Ch., Portland. Accepts.  
HALL, JOHN C., Worcester, Mass., to Sturbridge.  
HAYES, EDWARD C., Andover Sem., to Uxbridge, Mass. Accepts.  
JONES, GEO. M., to Whiting, Vt. Accepts, and will take post-graduate studies at Middlebury College.  
LOVELL, CHAS. N., Hartford Sem., to Southwick, Mass. Accepts.  
McCORD, ARCHIBALD, Saylesville, R. I., accepts call to Plymouth Ch., Providence.  
OLMSTEAD, JULIAN H., Tyndall, S. D., to Hudson.  
PARKER, FRED'K, Chatham, Mass., to Sherman Mills, Me., for one year. Accepts.  
PEASE, FRANK W., Alma, Neb., to Central City, Io. Accepts.  
PLASS, NORMAN, has been elected president of Washburn (Kan.) College.  
SILCOX, J. B., Central Ch., Winnipeg, Mass., to First Ch., San Diego, Cal.  
STOWE, CHAS. E., a son of Harriet Beecher Stowe, formerly of Simsbury, Ct., and recently returned from Germany, accepts unanimous call to Bridgewater, Mass.  
WATTIE, CHAS., to Pittsfield and Gaysville, Vt.  
WYLIE, W., to Cheney, Wn. Accepts.

### Ordinations and Installations

HEREMANCE, EDGAR L., o. Mankato, Minn., June 20. Sermon, Clarence F. Swift, D. D.; other parts, Geo. R. Merrill, D. D., Alex. McGregor, Ph. D., Rev. Messrs. C. H. Curtis, J. A. Eakin.

### Resignations

DAVIS, ALBERT P., First Ch., Wakefield, Mass., withdraws his resignation, the church having refused to accept it.  
KIDD, WM. D., San Mateo, Cal.  
LIBBY, EDGAR H., Downer's Grove, Ill., in the fifth year of service, accepting call to N. Englewood, Chicago.  
LYTLE, JAMES A., East Granby, Ct., on account of ill health.  
MASON, PHILIP H., Corning, Io., to take effect Aug. 1.  
PERKINS, CHAS. E., Keosauqua, Io., closing a six years' pastorate.  
REYNOLDS, LAURISTON, Redfield, S. D., after 29 years of service, to engage in the special work of raising endowment for Redfield College.  
WHITE, WM. D., Bethany Ch., Phoenix, Ala., withdraws resignation at the unanimous request of the congregation.

### Churches Organized and Recognized

GIBBONSVILLE, IDA., 15 June. 16 members. Organized by Rev. G. W. Rose.  
KELLOGG, IDA., 31 members. O. F. Thayer, pastor.  
TOMBSTONE, ARIZ., 13 June. 10 members. Organized by Rev. Otto Anderson.  
WOODBURN, ORE., Bethel Ch., rec. 19 June.

### Summer Supplies

HOLTON, HORACE F., Amherst College, at Ripton, Vt.  
LYON, ASA P., at Richmond Hill, N. Y.

### Personals

HAYES, FRANCIS L., First Ch., Topeka, Kan., will spend his vacation in Maine, preaching in Boston, July 27 and in Portland, Me., State Street Ch., Aug. 24.

### Material Improvements

ABINGTON, MASS., has wiped out its entire indebtedness of \$870.  
BANGOR, MICH. New lights for the auditorium—the gift of the Ladies' Aid Society.  
BETHEL, VT. Parsonage property improved. House raised, new foundation and roof, and both house and barn painted.  
BRASBURGH, VT. Repairs on church were completed in time to entertain the county C. E. convention, June 25.  
NEWBURYPORT, MASS., Whitefield Ch. has reopened after extensive improvements costing over \$1,500. The money was the gift of Deacon and Mrs. Daniel S. Burley, members of the church.  
OMAHA, NEB., Plymouth Ch. cleared at a bazaar \$900 of its indebtedness to the C. C. B. S.  
PATTON VALLEY, ORE., has raised \$300 toward a church edifice.  
RAPID RIVER, MICH. debt on parsonage paid, mortgage canceled, \$100 subscribed toward a tower and bell.

### Anniversaries

BYFIELD, MASS. Two hundredth of organization to be celebrated July 27-30. Dr. E. E. Hale and Secretary of the Navy Moody expected to participate.  
GLOVERSVILLE, N. Y., church recently celebrated the 50th anniversary of its organization. Week-day and Sunday services were held, to which was invited the Presbyterian church, which in 1852 dismissed 78 of its members to form the Congregational church. The three surviving charter members were present at one service and received the salute of the audience. During the half century 1,200 have united with the church, \$80,000 been given to benevolent causes and in 1895 a new church edifice dedicated.  
HAMPSHIRE, N. H., July 2, celebrated its 150th with addresses by Rev. Messrs. B. W. Lockhart and W. H. Woodsum, the pastor.  
STRATHAM, N. H., was credited in the issue of July 12 with celebrating its 150th anniversary. In 1917 this church will be able to celebrate its 200th.

### Dedications

HINSDALE, ILL. Memorial chime of nine bells, a tribute to Julius Wales Butler and Julia Osgood Butler by their sons. Dedicated with a beautiful service and address on Calls to Worship by the pastor, Dr. A. M. Brodie.  
WATERBURY, CONN., Third Ch., July 13, a pipe organ. Sermon, Rev. Joseph Anderson, D. D. Address by the pastor, Rev. B. F. Root.

### Miscellaneous

BANGOR, ME., Central. Corner stone laid June 16. The pastor, Rev. J. S. Penman, Prof. J. S. Sewall, D. D., and Rev. H. L. Griffin made addresses.  
BRIDGEPORT, CT. An encouraging mission for Italians begun under Mr. C. Cerreta.  
GLOUCESTER, MASS., Trinitarian's edifice caught fire the night of July 4, but it was speedily extinguished, with slight damage.  
LOWELL, MASS., John St. Ch., after 63 years of corporate existence, discontinues public services. Rev. G. H. Johnson, the pastor, has served 10 years wisely and well and it is through no fault of his that the church has declined.  
MENOMONIE, WIS., new constitution adopted, to secure firmer and more unified organization of church and allied societies.  
NORTH WEYMOUTH, MASS., Pilgrim memorial service held for the late Rev. Willis D. Leland of Lowell, once its pastor, with addresses by prominent workers formerly associated with him.  
STORRS, CT., new covenant and rules adopted.

### European Tours

ASHBY, JOHN H., Clinton, Mich.  
BLAKE, HENRY A., Rochester, N. H.

### June Receipts of the A. M. A.

	1901	1902
Donations,	\$19,136.52	\$11,352.31
Estates,	2,973.66	5,913.64
Tuition,	7,341.40	6,895.58
	\$29,351.58	\$24,161.53
9 mos., 1901		9 mos., 1902
Donations,	\$139,229.43	\$133,456.89
Estates,	68,703.72	57,514.10
Tuition,	46,925.68	40,748.02
	\$244,558.83	\$237,719.00

Increase in donations, \$4,227.45; in tuition, \$122.34; decrease in estates for current work, \$11,189.62; net decrease, \$6,939.43

## Meetings and Events to Come

NORFOLK AND PILGRIM BRANCH, W. B. M., Hanson, July 22. Electrics from Whitman.

FORWARD MOVEMENT, General Council, Silver Bay N. Y., July 26-Aug. 4.

NORTHFIELD STUDENT CONFERENCE, June 27-July 6; Summer Bible School, July 1-30; Conference of Christian Workers, Aug. 1-17.

WORLD'S STUDENT CHRISTIAN FEDERATION, Sorø, near Copenhagen, Denmark, Aug. 12-16.

WORLD'S CONFERENCE Y. M. C. A., Christiania, Norway, Aug. 20-24.

## Deaths

CONSTANTINE.—In W. Summit, N. J., July 8, Rev. A. A. Constantine. Educated at Colgate University, he served as a missionary to Africa, and upon his return held pastorates over Congregational churches in Vermont.

JONES.—In Otisco, N. Y., July 7, Rev. Lemuel Jones. A graduate of Chicago Theological Seminary, Mr. Jones served as general missionary of the Mass. and N. Y. Home Miss. Societies. He assisted Mr. Moody in one of his London campaigns. His last pastorates were at Tryon, N. C., and Otisco.

SEWALL.—In Melrose, Mass., June 29, in her eighty-seventh year, Miriam Purinton, widow of Rev. Wm. S. Sewall of Maine, and mother of Rebecca W. and Alfred P. Sewall of Melrose, Wm. J. Sewall of Keene, N. H., and Minott W. Sewall of Roselle, N. J. Her children rise up and call her blessed.

### MRS. DAVID N. BEACH

Lillian Tappan Beach, wife of Rev. David Nelson Beach, D. D., pastor of the First Congregational Church of Denver, Col., and daughter of the late John S. Tappan of Gloucester, Mass., died in Denver June 30. Mrs. Beach came to Colorado in 1895, having broken down from overwork at Cambridge, Mass., during her husband's pastorate there. The immediate cause of her death was hemorrhage of the lungs.

Mrs. Beach was born in Gloucester, Mass., June 3, 1855. Having studied at the high school in her native city and at Lake Forest University, she became, at the age of twenty, head of the department of physical culture at Vassar College, where she remained for two years, winning success in her work and securing a still broader training and many valued friendships. She was married Dec. 31, 1878, and had five children, four of whom are living, the oldest, the only daughter, being a sophomore in Colorado college.

Up to the time of her breakdown Mrs. Beach lived a very active, intense life. Possessed of remarkable intellectual ability, thoroughly disciplined, with a cultivated taste, a vigorous, emotional nature, broad sympathy, clear moral and spiritual convictions, deep religious fervor, a will strong but thoroughly controlled in its turn by the higher things of the spirit, she was in the fullest accord with her husband in his work and threw herself into it with an intensity which sapped her vital force. During her long illness she always showed a noble Christian courage and patience, constantly sacrificing herself for the good of others, never losing hope, keeping alive her interest in all good things, planning day by day the family life, and doing everything in her power to sustain and inspire those to whom her limited strength permitted her to minister. The burial was at Gloucester, Mass., July 5th.

Colorado Springs. E. S. P.

"Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all!" These words seem wonderfully applicable to one who has just left earth for the heavenly rest.

Mrs. Beach was a rare woman. Of fine intellect, with a strong and well-balanced character, she possessed, also, that gift which we call "charm," but know not how to define. All who knew her or met her fell under its spell. Her gracious manner of speech or attentive listening when another was the speaker betokened a very genuine interest in others and a complete self-forgetfulness.

In her own home a devoted wife and mother and a loyal, tender and appreciative friend, she was also a model pastor's wife, as many in Westerly, R. I., and Wakefield and Cambridge, Mass., most gladly testify. But, best of all, she was a devout and loving follower of the Master—her Master and Lord, Jesus Christ.

To one who deeply loved her she wrote the very day that mortal illness came upon her—"I go 2,000 feet higher for the summer." Truly, from a far greater height she now beckons us to follow!

Cambridge. H. K. W.

BEAUTIFUL SCENERY IN HOOSAC COUNTRY AND DEERFIELD VALLEY.—Unrivalled in beauty and unmatched for scenic grandeur is that portion of the Bay State known as the Hoosac Country and Deerfield Valley. Throughout its entire length, over the course where years have brought no change, but added beauty and historical interest, the Boston & Maine Railroad traverses, and in every town, every valley and from the surrounding hill-tops the beauties of this region can be seen. A good idea of the pleasures of this portion of Massachusetts can be gleaned from the pamphlet Hoosac Country and Deerfield Valley, published by the General Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, and will be mailed to any address upon the receipt of two cents in stamps.

EGYPTIAN.—We have had all sorts of designs in furniture—Flemish, Belgian, Swiss, Turkish, etc.—but the Paine Furniture Company of this city have brought out a set of dining-room furniture modeled after old Egyptian lines, with startling results. It is the most distinguished example of the possibilities of furniture design in the hands of a courageous and talented designer.

RECUPERATIVE EFFECT.—Considered with reference to its recuperative effect, there is not so much good in the ordinary vacation as there is in a single bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. The latter costs \$1; the former—well, that depends; how much did yours cost last year? Hood's Sarsaparilla refreshes the tired blood, sharpens the dulled appetite, restores the lost courage.

SEASHORE RESORTS AND ENJOYMENT TO BE FOUND ALONG THE ATLANTIC COAST.—The many resorts along the Atlantic coast from Mt. Desert to Boston are now welcoming to their shores myriads of vacationists who delight yearly in tasting the joys of a New England summer. Every sport and pastime known to the summer tourist can be found at these resorts: Golf, dancing, boating, bathing, etc. The hotels are magnificent, and are equal to any in the country, and the patronage at all these resorts from Marblehead to Bar Harbor proclaims the popularity of this section as a vacation ground. In order to get a clear and adequate idea of this region, send two cents in stamps to the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for their descriptive book All Along Shore, and six cents in stamps for the portfolio of views Seashore of New England.

## Humors

They take possession of the body, and are Lords of Misrule.

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The pattern almost instantly suggests an Egyptian idea. The proportions are splendidly preserved with a width of 68 inches on a height of 66 inches. The center door admits a single piece of silver as wide as three feet! The linen drawer has a width of nearly five and a half feet!

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## Bending the Ministerial Twig

BY REV. A. W. ACKERMAN, D. D.

As the class in rhetoric in Anyago Seminary was dismissed, the professor requested a theologian of the first water, commonly known as a freshman, to remain. His essay of the morning having been cut in two by the sharp "next" of the professor, the student was startled when asked if he would preach next Lord's Day in a church which the professor himself had been supplying.

"What kind of a church is it?" he asked.

"O, a small one in a village," was the reply.

The next Sunday, with fear and trembling at the thought of even a congregation of farmers and tradesmen, the would-be preacher faced one of more than average culture. Professor Boardbert, who made systematic theology flourish like a green birch in Anyago Seminary, once lectured in the village, and expressed his astonishment to find there so intelligent an audience. When the new preacher came to know the people, he discovered an appalling amount of wisdom in the pews. At least three men and two women in that congregation of eighty attentive listeners could write better sermons than could he. One man was an expert in literary criticism, and had a horror lest "the pronouns should lose their daddies." This man, one of the young preacher's best and kindest friends, would come after the sermon and quietly say, "Young man, verify your references." With such a mentor, the dictionary grew big, not only with meaning but with usefulness, and the encyclopædia came unto its own.

Another man was an omnivorous reader and a genuine lover of felicitous expression. His way of twisting the twig when it was inclined to some slovenly stoop was to smile and ask a question which could not fail to set the sinner against facts and grammar to thinking. The third man had been principal in a high school in Anyago, was a lover of Daniel Webster and a reader of the works of this giant, by which he gauged the efforts of such pygmies as came before him. What can the man do who cometh after the king? He helped by the comparison. Why not?

The women? Ah, that was different. One had been a tutor in Ann Arbor, was sister of the literary critic, with an even keener scent for infidelities. Never an error did she remark upon; but many passages she recalled with an exactness that surprised the preacher and made him wonder how he ever got such truth into such a setting, and, finding that the truth did not suffer by being well put, he was led to strive for fit expression. The other was a college bred woman, wife of the school teacher, high in the church councils, trusted, efficient, cultured. Criticism was not her forte. She cared little for small lapses of speech. Some days, with a winning smile, she would ask to hear that sermon again. Other days she remarked upon the weather, or asked how the work was going in the seminary. The young preacher came to regard her as a second mother, and knew that to please her was to win the good opinion of the highly favored. And here also were lawyers, doctors and business men, who slept in the country and worked in the great city; a congregation of thoughtful, earnest-minded people, who stipulated with the student, when they hired him indefinitely, that he was to write every morning sermon in full and read it as best he could. They wanted no off-hand, unprepared preaching; they preferred their dough well-kneaded and properly baked.

The young preacher has seen much service since those early days. As he looks back upon the sermons of that time they seem green and downy as a fern just bursting its sheath, but really they were the first blossoms on a ministerial twig whose bending has inclined the tree, and the early blessings of that thoughtful church still linger to give strength and fragrance to one man's ministry.

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**FIRST PLACE AMONG RESORTS.**—Like every one who sees her in her summer finery, Julian Ralph, the writer, has fallen in love with Vermont. He has just passed a delightful month there, and to a New York paper gives his impressions of this state beautiful. "To seekers after summer rest in the country," he says, "Vermont should hold the very first place in the list of summer resorts. It is not only one of the most beautiful regions in America, but, with the Green Mountains on the one side and Lake Champlain on the other, it offers the purest, the most tonic and perhaps, the coolest air to be found within the same distance of the great eastern and middle state cities." Those who would know more of this delightful vacation land should send four cents in stamps to T. H. Hanley, Central Vermont Railway, 306 Washington Street, Boston, for Summer Homes in Vermont, profusely illustrated, and other literature devoted to Vermont and Lake Champlain resorts.

**NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND'S BEAUTIFUL SEASIDE.**—From the time when the Mayflower first weighed anchor in a New England port, and the staid old Puritans set foot upon her shores, the popularity of New England's coast as a summer resort was assured. The charms of New England's seacoast are so diversified, the scenery so wild and beautiful and the climatic conditions so favorable, that one is at a loss where to start in commending about this gifted territory. The historic and picturesque portions have also quite an important place in the attractions of New England's seacoast, and many an old legend or poem is recalled at the glimpse of a Cape Ann fisherman, the Marblehead cliffs or the famous old city of Salem. Aside from the natural beauty and picturesque spots on the Atlantic coast, this portion has another attribute which is peculiar only to northern New England, namely, the delightful coolness which pervades this section even during the hottest months. Thus when one considers the many advantages which northern New England has over the rest of the country it is no wonder she is looked upon as the premier vacation coast. The hotels are the finest in the country and the patronage comprises the wealthiest and best class of the American people. The train connections along the coast from Boston are admirable, and the additional and improved train service between Bar Harbor and coast of Maine points and New York city, has greatly added to the comfort of the visitors from that section. You may travel abroad, or search throughout the country for a more delightful watering-place, but your quest will be in vain, for in all this world for comfort, pleasure and beauty, the length of seacoast between the rocky cliffs of Marblehead and the towering mountain peaks which stand guard over the historic Isle of Mt. Desert and its summer paradise, Bar Harbor, is without an equal. The descriptive pamphlet, "All Along Shore," which will prove useful in selecting a seaside resort, will be mailed by the Passenger Department, Boston & Maine Railroad, Boston, for a two-cent stamp. "New England Seashore" is the title of a portfolio made up of thirty half-tone reproductions of photographs illustrating coast views, and will be mailed upon receipt of six cents in stamps.

THE stomachs of dyspeptics, aged people, invalids and convalescents are, in their way, as delicate as those of infants and require food that is at once easily digested and nutritious. Mellin's Food contains the appropriate elements to repair waste, in an easily digestible and nourishing form and actually assists the digestion of other food.

## Summer Plans in Worcester

BY REV. E. W. PHILLIPS

The Ministerial League opened its summer campaign of open air preaching at Salem Square, Sunday afternoon, July 6. Good music, by a large choir of young people from the young people's societies of the churches, led by organ and cornet, was an attractive feature. Four short, crisp addresses by pastors of various denominations was the program. There were 400 to 500 in attendance. Meetings will be held every night in the week. It is a union movement of Congregationalists, Universalists, Episcopalians, Methodists, Unitarians, Baptists and others.

### VACATION PLANS

Several pastors are having two months' vacations, but none of the churches are closed except where adjacent churches unite. *Old South* is supplying from week to week and looking for a pastor.

*Union and Plymouth*, as usual, unite, worshipping in Union Church in July and Plymouth in August. Dr. Frank Crane of Chicago preached July 6; other supplies are Rev. Frank J. Goodwin, Pawtucket, R. I., and Pres. George Washburn of Roberts College, Constantinople.

The preachers at Plymouth Church in August will be: Dr. I. J. Lansing; Dr. A. N. Hyde, Cleveland; Dr. L. L. West, Winona, Minn.; Rev. W. E. Williamson, Hillsdale, Mich.; and Dr. G. R. Wallace, Spokane, Wn.

Dr. Virgin spends his vacation at his summer home in Chelmsford and returns in September to complete his year's engagement.

*Piedmont* will hear this summer: Dr. Wallace Nutting; Dr. William W. Leete, New Haven; Rev. John B. Clark, Detroit; Dr. J. L. Withrow, two Sundays; Rev. W. T. Patchell, Colorado; and Dr. E. D. Burr, two Sundays. Dr. Willard Scott will take his vacation at Pemaquid Point, Me.

Rev. A. W. Hitchcock of *Central* will take a six weeks' rest at Conway, N. H. The pulpit supplies are: Dr. Eldridge Mix; Rev. E. H. Chandler; Rev. E. M. Chapman; Rev. John Barstow; Rev. Frank W. Hodgdon; Dr. Lester L. West.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Lewis will be away

## DAVID AND GOLIATH.

### A Little Shot Put Old King Coffee Out of Business.

When medicine fails, they sometimes send sick people away to another climate for their health. Sometimes the climate does it, but more often they stumble on the proper food to take, and then get well.

A lady in San Diego tells of a friend who left her home each December, for the past two winters, to go to California for her health. She says: "Almost all of her time was spent in visiting the doctor and sitting in a big chair and watching the clock to note the time for her next dose of medicine. Nervousness was her principal trouble, and with others of kindred nature, made life for her a burden.

On the occasion of her last visit, I begged her to give up the use of coffee, and use Postum Coffee. She replied that she could not stop coffee. I said no more at the time, but the next morning at breakfast, I passed her a fragrant, steaming cup of Postum, making it as it should be made. After that, I had no more trouble, and my friend drank no more coffee. But the most surprising part of the experience was the change that soon came over her.

We began to notice it within less than a week. In less than a month, her nervousness had left her, and in three months, she was a new woman in face, figure and health. I had not dared to hope for so much benefit, although I had been greatly benefited myself by Postum, but coffee to her system was simply poisonous, and I believe this is the case with many others. She returned to her home in December, and was married within less than two months after. She never fails to give credit to Postum for her health or thanks to me for teaching her to make it properly, and well she may, for Postum has done for her what travel, doctors and medicine failed to do." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

from Pilgrim Church two months enjoying a trip through Norway. The supplies are: Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain, New York city; Dr. Eldridge Mix, two Sundays; Dr. R. A. Beard; Rev. Clarence F. Smith, Minnesota; Dr. Henry G. Smith, Cincinnati; Dr. C. H. Beal; Dr. Smith Baker; and Rev. E. M. Noyes.

*Adams Square* unites with the Baptist church near by. Rev. J. A. Selbert is taking his vacation at his old home in Michigan. Rev. E. W. Phillips of *Hope Church* will rest at his summer home in Nelson, N. H. Among the supplies will be Rev. A. L. Struthers, South Gardiner, Me., and Rev. J. A. Selbert. Rev. I. L. Wilcox of *Park Church* will attend the Northfield Conference. The pastors of the other smaller churches will get away for a week or two as they may be able to arrange.

## Sunset Worship Under Open Skies

With the oncoming of summer heat, while it is obviously wise that the public schools should close or else adapt their work to the hot season, when Sunday comes and the church bell rings, the good church member must plod his perspiring way to meeting house and swelter beneath its sun-smitten roof for the full hour and a half. Surely, when no other arrangements for worship are available, this is fitting and proper. But is not a better plan possible, especially for the churches in the smaller towns and cities? It would seem so, and the Congregational Church of Hamilton, N. Y., is one of those that have followed the "better plan" for two seasons; with such success, moreover, that its services are regarded as a pleasant feature of summer life.

This church holds one of its regular meetings for worship in the open air. At the sunset hour, on a sloping lawn facing the west, its congregation, and always a goodly number of strangers with them, gather with camp chairs and rugs. A string orchestra assists in the music, a precentor or quartet guides the singing, the talk by the pastor is brief and spiritual, and the universal testimony of those in attendance is to the effect that there is no more appropriate accompaniment to a service of vesper song than the peace of a summer evening landscape.

It was a saying of Walt Whitman's: "I think heroic deeds were all conceived in the open air." Perhaps some village churches and some country parsons would be more successful in inspiring souls to the conceiving of "heroic deeds" if they were willing this summer to ally themselves to the beauty, the strength, the spiritual suggestiveness of God's open air.

H. A. J.

## In the Interest of Unity

Councils were lately held at Maddock and Esmond, N. D., and new churches were duly admitted to fellowship. These are the only church organizations in these thriving towns of a year's growth, though a Methodist minister holds services in Maddock and a Presbyterian student has been stationed at Esmond. Congregationalists have a small church free of debt at Maddock and a subscription of over \$600 and a site for a church at Esmond. Congregational services were held in both places in one of the first buildings erected and regular services and Sunday schools have been maintained ever since by the pastor at Hesper. At Esmond eleven months elapsed before the Presbyterians established their services, which have resulted in seriously disturbing the religious interests of the community. In view of this the council voted "to request the conference home missionary committee and Superintendent Powell to take such steps as may be necessary to promote unity between other denominations and our own."

E. E. S.

## Home Missionary Fund

John Porteous, Boston.....\$5.75  
Samuel Ward, Boston.....1.00  
Mrs. J. T. Rockwell, E. Orange, N. J.....3.00

## Our Benevolent Societies

**WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS**, Room 704, Congregational House. Miss Sarah Louise Day, Treasurer; Miss Abbie B. Child, Home Secretary.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY** is represented in Massachusetts (and in Massachusetts only) by the MASSACHUSETTS HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY, No. 609 Congregational House. Rev. Joshua Colt, Secretary. Rev. Edwin B. Palmer, Treasurer.

**WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION**, Room 607, Congregational House. Miss Lizzie D. White, Treasurer; Miss L. L. Sherman, Home Secretary.

**AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS**, Congregational House, Boston. Frank H. Wiggin, Treasurer; Charles E. Swett, Publishing and Purchasing Agent. Office in New York, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-Second St.; in Chicago, 153 La Salle St.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING SOCIETY**—Church and Parsonage Building. Rev. L. H. Cobb, D. D., Secretary; Charles E. Hope, Treasurer. United Charities Building, New York; Rev. George A. Hood, Congregational House, Boston, Field Secretary.

**BOARD OF MINISTERIAL AID**, Boston, Mass. Requests solicited in this name. Send gifts to A. G. Stanwood, Treasurer, 704 Sears Building. Apply for aid to E. B. Palmer, 609 Congregational House.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH UNION** of Boston and vicinity (Incorporated). Its object is the establishment and support of Evangelical Congregational Churches and Sunday Schools in Boston and its suburbs. Henry E. Cobb, Pres.; C. E. Kelsey, Treas.; George H. Flint, Sec., 101 Tonawanda St., Boston.

**THE WOMAN'S SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY** of Boston, Room 601 Congregational House. Annual membership, \$1.00; life membership, \$20.00. Mrs. H. H. Delano, Treas., Hotel Berkeley, Boylston St., Boston.

**BOSTON SEAMAN'S FRIEND SOCIETY**, organized 1897. Rev. Alexander McKensie, D. D., President; Geo. Gould, Treasurer; B. S. Snow, Corresponding Secretary, Room 601 Congregational House, Boston. A Congregational society devoted to the material, social, moral and religious welfare of seamen. Requests should be made payable to the Boston Seaman's Friend Society. Contributions from churches and individuals solicited.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL BOARD OF PASTORAL SUPPLY**, established by the Massachusetts General Association, offers its services to churches desiring pastors or pulpit supplies in Massachusetts and in other States. Room 610 Congregational House, Boston. Rev. Charles B. Rice, Secretary.

**CONGREGATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY** (including former New West Education Commission). Scholarships for students for the ministry. Twenty-seven Congregational Colleges and Academies in seventeen states. A free Christian schools in Utah and New Mexico. S. F. Wilkins, Treasurer. Offices 612, 613 Congregational House, Boston; 151 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

**THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION**, Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, New York. Missions to the United States, evangelistic and educational, in the South and in the West, among the Indians and Chinese. Boston office, 615 Congregational House; Chicago office, 153 La Salle Street. Donations may be sent to either of the above offices, or to H. W. Hubbard, Treasurer, Fourth Ave. and Twenty-second St., New York City.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY**, Fourth Ave. and 22d St., New York, N. Y. Mr. William B. Howland, Treasurer, to whom donations and subscriptions and all correspondence relating to estates and annuities should be addressed. Rev. Joseph B. Clark, D. D., Rev. Washington Chubb, D. D., Corresponding Secretaries, to whom all correspondence on other matters relating to the National Society should be sent.

**NATIONAL COUNCIL'S MINISTERIAL RELIEF FUND** (under the management of the Trustees of the National Council).—Aids aged and disabled ministers and missionaries and their families. Chairman, Rev. H. A. Stimson, D. D., New York; Field Secretary, Rev. Edward Hawes, D. D., Hartford, Ct.; Secretary, Edwin H. Baker, Greenwich, Ct.; Treasurer, Rev. Samuel B. Forbes, Hartford, Ct. Form of Request: "I give to the Trustees of the National Council of the Congregational Churches of the United States—dollars, to be used for the purpose of Ministerial Relief." All correspondence should be addressed to Mrs. N. H. Whittlesey, 135 Wall St., New Haven, Ct.

**THE CONGREGATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL AND PUBLISHING SOCIETY**, Congregational House, Boston. Willard Scott, D. D., President; Geo. M. Boynton, D. D., Secretary and Treasurer.

*The Missionary Department*, which is in charge of the Secretary, sustains Sunday school missionaries, furnishes lesson helps, libraries and other necessary literature to new and needy schools gratuitously, or at reduced cost. The administrative expenses of this department are wholly defrayed by appropriations from the Business Department. All contributions from churches, Sunday schools and individuals go directly for missionary work. W. A. Duncan, Ph. D., is Field Secretary and Rev. F. J. Marsh is New England Superintendent for this department.

*The Business Department*, in charge of the Business Manager, and known in the trade as the Pilgrim Press, publishes *The Congregationalist* and *Christian World*, the Pilgrim Series of Lesson Helps and Sunday school papers, books for Sunday schools and home reading, Records and Requisites for churches and Sunday schools, and sells the books of all other publishers as well as its own. Its treasury is entirely separate from that of the Missionary Department, to which, however, it makes annual appropriations. Orders for books and subscriptions for periodicals from Ohio and all states east should be sent to the Business Manager, J. H. Tewksbury, at Boston, and from the interior and western states to the Chicago Agency at 175 Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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## A Prize for Prayer Meeting Topics

For nearly fifteen years The Congregationalist has put out every autumn, through its annual Handbook, a set of prayer meeting topics which have become a staple feature in the life of hundreds of churches over the country. It has been our desire to make these topics as helpful and practical as possible, and every year an increased effort has been made to vary and strengthen the list. But we realize that the problem is not an easy one, and the different lists from year to year may not have been even approximately ideal.

With a view to making the list which we shall print in our 1903 Handbook the best ever issued, we offer a prize of \$25 for the largest number of topics which we shall see fit to incorporate into our list. This competition will close September 15. It will be in order to submit any set of topics now or heretofore in use, but we shall be glad if a number of pastors over the land will seriously consider the preparation of fifty-two topics that shall be universally serviceable. We do not require sub-topics such as now appear in our Handbook. One or more Bible references are required. While we may not print any single list exactly as it is sent us, we shall take the liberty of using any topics submitted, and for the largest number of topics accepted from any one source we will pay \$25. Address Prayer Meeting Topics, The Congregationalist.

## For Endeavorers

### PRAYER MEETING

BY REV. H. A. BRIDGMAN

*Topic, July 27-Aug. 2. Missions: a meeting in the interest of medical missions. "Preach-heal." Matt. 10: 7, 8.*

One way of approach to this important subject is to dwell upon the personnel of the workers. Noble, self-sacrificing characters they have been and are, from Dr. John Snodder, the first medical missionary from the United States to any foreign field, who labored in India from 1819 to 1855, down to the present corps engaged today in their Christ-like ministries all over the world. On this roll of honor appears Dr. Peter Parker, who, it is said, opened China at the point of the surgeon's lancet; Dr. Marcus Whitman who did so much for Oregon; Dr. Elmslie who had such wonderful success in Cashmere; Dr. Kenneth Mackenzie who won the confidence of men high in authority in China; Dr. Happer and Dr. Kerr who have put their lives into the Christian institutions at Canton; Dr. Valentine in India; Dr. Post in Syria; Dr. H. M. Allen in Korea, whose successful treatment of the wounded prince led the king in 1885 to build a new hospital; Dr. Grant who declared

that his medical practice in Persia gave him as much intercourse with the Mohammedans as a clerical missionary could secure.

These are only a few of the shining names and we have not mentioned any living representative of the American Board, although there are forty physicians in the foreign field, of whom ten are women. They deserve to be known and honored widely. Some of them, like Dr. Van Allen of Madura, have commended their work to such an extent to the natives that the fine new hospital recently erected, was paid for by the Hindus and in passing we ought not to forget that stanch "beloved physician," Dr. Edward Chester, who a few weeks ago passed to his heavenly reward. He and his assistants in the Dindigul station in India, have often treated as many as 12,000 cases annually. A little pamphlet on medical missions published by the American Board in its envelope series should be in the hands of all who would discuss this subject intelligently.

The statistics of medical missions tell a strong story. Dr. Dennis in his invaluable summary mentions 379 hospitals in 21 countries, 783 dispensaries, 85,000 "in" patients, 2,347,780 individual patients and 6,442,427 total number of treatments. By this, presumably, he means the number of cases handled at the hospitals and dispensaries in the course of 13 months. Let the imagination play on these figures a few moments. See the wretched diseased millions coming in a long procession to the missionary stations. Fancy their gratitude for the medicine that means relief and sometimes restoration to health. Think of the homes where in the great ordeals and crises which visit every family, the Christian physician is able to alleviate pain and to instill hope and courage.

We are hardly able to realize how the special ends of missionary work are furthered through medical agencies. They are needed in heathen lands because quackery registers its greatest triumphs and works its most dire results among the ignorant and degraded types of humanity. But where the medical missionary is, a legion of fears created by sorcerers and medicine men are put to flight.

Good books to consult on this subject are: The Encyclopedia of Missions (Funk & Wagnall's), Medical Missions, John Lowe, The Healing of the Nations, by J. R. Williamson, World Wide Evangelization, the new volume just issued by the Student Volunteer movement.

## The Church Prayer Meeting

*Topic, July 20-26. Christ Our Yokefellow. Matt. 11: 28-30; 28: 16-20; Eph. 3: 1-21; Isa. 35: 1-10.*

The uses of a yoke. The comfort and efficiency of partnership with Christ. Is our partnership with him complete?

[For prayer meeting editorial see page 85.]

## A Prayer Renaissance Needed

Our non-liturgical churches will never regain their lost ground until their pastors recover the art of public prayer. And before this is effected they must have a spiritual training in character—more of self-effacement and of absorption in the larger social life; a training, too, in the art of devotional expression. More attention apparently is called for, in the preparation of students for the gospel ministry, for this priestly service. It may not be wise to suggest verbatim notes of prayers, similar to those of a theological lecture, as has been the practice in some Scottish schools; but the tremendous solemnity of the intercessory office does demand greater emphasis.—*The Pacific.*

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